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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

99% Of Best Race Sires And Dams Not In English Book As Thoroughbreds

YES, DEAR READERS, Man o'War is not an ENGLISH THOROUGHBRED, as the Editor succinctly explained in the issue of January 17, replying to a query made by Mr. Russell A. Stuart.

Neither is Seabiscuit.
Nor Challedon.
Nor Equipoise.
Nor Sun Beau.
Nor Gallant Fox.
Nor War Admiral.
Nor Twenty Grand.
Nor Top Flight.
Nor Exterminator.
Nor Discovery.
Nor Fair Play.
Nor Ben Brush.
Nor Domino.
Nor Hanover.
Nor Battleship.
Nor Jolly Roger.
Nor Arc Light.
Nor Good and Plenty.
Nor Land of Clover.
Nor—nor—nor—

Nor, in short, about 99 per cent of the best race horses, sires and dams in the U. S. A. since the Revolutionary War.

They are, however, AMERICAN THOROUGHBREDS.

A fact of which every American-American is intensely proud.

Up to the year 1913 the American and English thoroughbreds stood upon an equal footing. That is to say, any horse registered in the American Stud Book was eligible to registry in the English Stud Book, and vice-versa.

But, as the Editor has explained, about that time, owing to the Hughes

Continued on Page Five

New Trophy Offered For Maryland Cup By Mrs. Stewart

Because of the fact that J. Rieman McIntosh goes on active duty with the Maryland National Guard on February 3, he has been relieved of his position as secretary to the Maryland Hunt Cup Association and James McHenry has been elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. McHenry has announced that conditions for the new challenge cup, offered for the 48th running of the Maryland Hunt Cup this spring, will be the same as for the old challenge cup, retired last year by Mrs. E. Read Beard's Blockade. The race for the new challenge cup, which is being presented by Mrs. Redmond C. Stewart in memory of her late husband, will be run on Saturday, April 26.

Entries for the 1941 running of the nation's greatest timber classic,

Continued on Page Seventeen

Chalphone Scores Surprise Double At Santa Anita

Son Of *Challenger II Goes On To Win Two Straight After Disappointing Early Races

Chalphone, 7-year-old entire son of the great Maryland sire *Challenger II who has been racing with little success for Otay Stable since last September, suddenly redeemed himself by winning two straight performances within two days at Santa Anita last week, scoring first on the 7 furlong strip on January 23, then repeating again over a mile and 1-16 on January 25. In the first of these triumphs, Chalphone toted the lightest impost in the race, 106, and once on top at the 3/4 mark, breezed to the finish with a margin of 5 lengths to spare over L. G. Whitehill's Wisebech, who gave him altogether 9 pounds. Among others in the field were Edgemont Stable's Home Burning and Iron Mountain Stable's Iron Bunker, both of whom had headed Chalphone in his previous start. His victory which followed two days later was not quite so easily done, however, for he had picked up 7 pounds and this time carried topweight in a field of ten. But the intervening rain, which slowed the track conditions considerably was no sort of

Continued on Page Sixteen

CANADIAN JUMPER WINS IN GALLOP

Favorsome Triumphs Over New Brush Course At Agua Caliente By 15 Lengths

Favorsome, the wonder horse of Canadian hurdle racing last year, turned his second attempt over the Baja California Jockey Club's new brush course at Agua Caliente into a triumph of no uncertain moment last Sunday, January 26. Carrying the colors of owner-trainer F. H. Hammond, the brown Somers Heir gelding galloped home to win the Riviera Steeplechase easily by fifteen lengths from R. H. Crawford's Playdema, after giving the Blind Play mare some ten pounds, and covered the approximate two miles in 4.13 flat, to equal the track mark established by Yammer three weeks previously in the El Primero Handicap.

Despite his disappointing performance in the Battleship Handicap the week before, when he suddenly ducked out while heading his field at the Liverpool, Favorsome was burdened with topweight of 149 in last Sunday's race, along with Nina Brennan's Napoleon who was making his first start this year. Third horse to get home, and just missing the place by a scant head as he fought it out with Playdema in a drive for the finish, was George Red-sull's Glazenwood, 135, who had likewise been third behind Somers

Continued on Page Five

Fort Myer Attracts Jumping Performer In Night Sessions

Black Caddy And Bonne Nuit Vie For Honors Throughout President's Birthday Show

Before a packed house, including Vice President Wallace, the Fort Myer President's Birthday Horse Show concluded its second night on Friday, January 24, in the Fort Myer arena, near Washington, D. C., with a spirited team jumping contest between men and feminine riders won by the men. A bad showing on the first night, Thursday, cost the ladies the final verdict in a compilation of fault points, though it was Miss Lisbeth J. Stieg on her Hi-Ho, Mrs. Charles B. Lyman on her Maui-Girl, Miss Ellie Leh, on her King Rock and Miss Margaret Cotter, making her come-back a winning one, from almost a year's absence from the show ring who combined to beat Maj. George Elms on Clipped Wings, Capt. David Wagstaff on Enterprise, Lt. Fred Hughes Jr., on Black Caddy and Samuel E. Bogley on King Master the second night. The men led the ladies in the two day scores by 11 faults 27-1/2 to 38-1/4.

Two outstanding jumpers on the Virginia-Maryland circuits in the past year have been stallions, Bonne Nuit and Black Caddy. Both have shown in winning efforts in Madison Square Garden at the National, and both had progeny accounting for blues in the Fort Myer Show, with Black Caddy competing to be consistently in the ribbons.

Mrs. M. E. Whitney's Bonne Nuit got the two-tone grey David, out of

Continued on Page Sixteen

Virginia Breeders Plan Organization Of An Association

At the invitation of Colin MacLeod, Jr., a group gathered at his Huntlands Farm, near Middleburg last Friday evening, January 24, to discuss plans for a future Virginia Breeder's Association. This was brought about by an article which appeared in a recent issue of the Richmond Times Dispatch by Columnist Walter Craigie, calling attention to the fact that there was no such organization in the state and that one was sorely needed.

Among those present at Mr. MacLeod's were David N. Rust, Jr., well known owner of Rockridge Farm where stand Time Maker, Charley O. and the recently acquired Court Manor horse, *Gino; Dr. Robert L. Humphrey, noted veterinarian; Jack Skinner, successful trainer of steeplechasers; A. A. Baldwin, Clarke

Continued on Page Five

Eighty-Five Steeplechasers Train In Camden's Winter Racing Haven

The winter steeplechase colony in Camden, S. C., numbers 85 horses in the hands of trainers Dolly Byers, Burley Cox, Granger Gaither and James E. Ryan. Mr. Ryan, who has won top training honors at the hunt meetings for some seasons, has the largest public stable of 'chasers in the United States, with 28 now on hand in Camden, and 5 more due from his Unionville, Pa., farm within the next fortnight. The Ryan string includes a number of top 2-year-old sorts, brought to this country from England in the past year, to get their first efforts in flat races for their owner, Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir.

F. Ambrose Clark, who has Granger Gaither training his string as usual, has the largest number of individually owned horses in Camden. His splendid barn houses 23 horses at this writing including a number of his past season's campaigners as well as some half dozen imports, 2 and 3-year-olds. Mr. Clark's horses are all in regular gallops over the spacious sandy flats of the Springdale Course where there is every variety of jumping course and some horses are turning in mild

schools already.

The Camden 'chasers have 14 owner interests with five trainers in charge. A goodly number of flat horses have filled the five barns overlooking Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's flat track. Trainers of the flat horses include Jack Healey, Preston Burch and Alec Gordon, all now in Hialeah for the racing. The 40 horses in those trainers' hands are wintering in Camden and will be seen in the later season of racing.

The most interesting steeplechase prospect is Mrs. Fay Ingalls' Sunador, splendid 10-year-old son of *Sun Briar, formerly of the Court Manor Stud. This striking chestnut is in the hands of Mr. Cox and is to get his maiden effort over fences this spring at the hunt meetings. He has shown great willingness in his first jumping lessons and a grand easy stride in his gallops, despite his many years absence from such work. Previous to this he has been at stud duty, making his last season at the Pine Brook Farm of F. A. O'Keefe, Jr., near Warrenton, Va., where stand *Blue Pete and Mokotam.

Continued on Page Seventeen

The Horseman's News

Past Year Brings Losses In Ranks Of Stallions

Fire And Accidents Exact Toll Of Good Bloodlines Among Thoroughbred Sires

The year 1940 fortunately brought this country many notable additions to its thoroughbred sire list in matchless importations from over seas, but it did not pass without leaving marks of tragedy as well, the most costly of which was the Timberlawn fire of last May, which brought death to four valuable stallions and untold loss to the breeding activities of Edwin K. Thomas of Paris, Ky. All of these stallions had years ahead of them in the stud, three of them were young horses and one of these was **Aneroid**, who had but entered the stud the previous year with a brilliant turf record behind him.

A son of **The Porter—Outburst**, by **Messenger, Aneroid**, won \$73,085 and carried the colors of Washington owner J. A. Manfuso to 17 victories, including the Suburban, Carter, Harford, Baltimore Spring, San Antonio, Gittings, Riggs and Blackstone Valley Handicaps. Those who had followed his turf career eagerly awaited his future as a sire.

The 13-year-old **Flying Heels**, by **Flying Ebony—Heeltaps**, by **Ultimus**, having entered the Timberlawn stud in 1934, had already proven himself, before what promised to be a splendid career was cut so tragically short, with stake winners among all of his first three crops to race. In his first crop of 2-year-olds, racing in 1937, were the stake winners **Shining Heels** (Clipssetta Stakes) and **Spindletop** (Betsy Ross Stakes). This crop also produced **Flying Wild**, winner of the Long Beach Handicap and El Camino Real Handicap in later years. From subsequent crops were developed such good ones as **Flying Bonny** (A. B. Spreckels Handicap), **Flying Lili** (Kentucky Oaks, Arlington Matron Handicap), **Flying Up** (Buckeye Handicap), **Throttle Wide** (Seneca Claiming Stakes), **Flying Choice** (Starlet Sweepstakes) and **Sassy Lady** (Commonwealth, Coral Gables Spring, Raceand and Narragansett Handicaps). **Flying Heels** himself won 17 races and \$123,435, including the Pimlico Futurity, Carter (twice), Fleetwing, Manhattan, Delaware Handicaps and other stakes. To the end of 1940 his first four crops had won 257 races and \$238,724.

The oldest sire to perish at Timberlawn was ***Kiev**, 16-year-old son of ***Stefan the Great—Krona**, by **Kroonstad**, a Joseph E. Widener importation from England who won the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and Kingston Handicap among other races. His best year in the stud was in 1934 when he was represented by winners of 117 races and \$88,246. Among his get were **Duiper**, **Kievex** and **Smart Crack**. Sgt. Byrne, a half brother to **Tintagel**, served his first mare in the spring of 1940. This son of **Stimulus—Heloise**, by **Frier Rock** had been a successful sprinter, winning the East View Stakes, International Speed Test Special Sweepstakes, Remson, Paumonok and John Hancock Handicaps.

Hopes for another promising career perished with **Cavalcade**, who died last October of shipping fever contracted en route from Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Farm in Virginia to Shandon Farm in Lexington where he was to stand for the 1941 season. Winner of \$127,165, **Cavalcade** had been the best of his year at three, annexing besides the Kentucky Derby, the Shenandoah Purse, Chesapeake Stakes, American Derby, Detroit Derby and Classic Stakes. He made his first stud season in 1937, from which sprang last year's juvenile winners **Flower Parade**, **Sham G.** and **Formation**. **Cavalcade's** sire ***Lancegaye** had preceded his greatest son in death by but a few months, a broken shoulder sustained in his paddock at Montpelier, Va., making it necessary for owner Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott to have this son of **Swynford—Flying Spar** destroyed in the 17th year of his age.

A similar fate overtook **Valorous**, 16-year-old son of **Pennant—Courage**, by **Hamburg**, who broke a bone in his forearm while rolling in the paddock at Mrs. M. E. Whitney's Llangollen Farm, near Upperville, Va. **Valorous** sired the stake winners **Bold Turk** (Bouquet Claiming Stakes, Faneuil Hall Stakes, Maplewood Handicap), **Table Stakes** (Tanforan Juvenile Stakes) and **Valliant Boy** (Elderbraun, Schenley and Longacres Speed Handicaps).

Youngest of all the hopefuls whom death snatched from the stud last year was **Privileged**, 6-year-old son of ***Sir Gallahad III—Concession**, by **Campfire**, who was stricken suddenly by a paralysis that was not identified at the time of his death last March. In his 2-year-old year, **Privileged** won the Champagne Stakes, Ardsley and Nayatt Handicaps. He also finished first in the Pimlico Futurity, but was disqualified. Like **Aneroid**, **Privileged** had his career as a sire all before him, having entered the stud at Leslie Combs' Spendthrift Farm little more than a few weeks before his death. Kentucky also lost the 18-year-old sire **Brilliant** and the 16-year-old sire **Rolled Stocking** in 1940. **Brilliant**, a son of **Broomstick—Masda**, by **Fair Play**, died at Tollie Young's Creekview Farm last summer. He sired many winners, including **Brilliant Boy**, **Miss Brilliant**, **Star Bud**, **Glittering** and others. **Rolled Stocking**, by **Pennant—Mary Belle**, by **Ballot**, survived the James W. Parrish dispersal but three days, dying of a heart attack following his purchase by W. B. Flanders.

Among the first of **Man o'War's** great sons was **Crusader**, who died at Rancho Casitas in May 1940, after three seasons in the California stud and six in Kentucky. **Crusader** twice won the Suburban, as well as the Belmont, Dwyer Stakes, Jockey Club Gold Cup, Cincinnati Derby, Riggs Memorial, Havre de Grace, Huron, Maryland, Delaware and Manor Handicaps. Among his get are the stakes winners, **Chasar**, **Moralist**, ***Crossbow II**, **Guidelight** and **Albosa**.

The well known Valdina Farm sire **Night Flyer** was another whose death resulted from a paddock accident last year. The beggetter of **Eagle Pass** and other winners died of a broken neck, suffered when he attempted to jump a paddock fence on the famous Texas ranch. **Night Flyer**, by ***Vulcan—Firefly**, by

Minnant's Progeny As Stakes Winners Show Her Quality

Performances Of Augury And Magnificent Prove Mrs. Harrison's Broodmare

BY NEIL NEWMAN

The slashing victory scored by **Augury** at the expense of ***Kayak II** and the manner in which **Magnificent** is training for his engagement in the Santa Anita Derby lends credence to the belief **Minnant**, the dam of these two stake winners of 1940, is the best broodmare in the Old Dominion.

Owned by Mrs. George L. Harrison and standing at her Blue Ridge Stud, Upperville, Va., **Minnant**, a winning daughter of **Pennant**, out of ***Minaret II** by ***Ksar** out of **Lisette IX** by **Mordant** out of **St. Lucie** by **St. Serf** out of the immortal ***Fairly Gold** by **Bend Or**, is a bay in color and was foaled in 1932. To date she has had two foals of racing age, both stake winners, **Augury** by ***Happy Argo** and **Magnificent** by ***Challenger II**. Her 2-year-old is a colt by **Blue Larkspur**, also a bay, purchased at Saratoga last August by Anthony Pelletieri for \$3,200—she has a yearling colt by **Bold Venture** and is due to foal to **War Admiral** any day. **Augury** was purchased by Neil S. McCarthy for \$1,000, **Magnificent** for \$6,000 by Samuel D. Riddle who turned the colt over to Mrs. Elizabeth Graham Lewis for a profit of \$1,000 shortly after he was purchased by the Master of Glen Riddle.

The victories of **Augury** and **Magnificent** serve to invest the sire **Jean Bart**, standing at the Inverness Farm of Leslie E. Keiffer, at Inverness, Maryland with additional interest. **Jean Bart** is a "double **Fairy Gold**" that is he has a cross of this great mare in his top line through **Fair Play**, sire of his sire, **Man o'War**, and another in the tall female, his grandam **Lisette IX** is the third dam of **Minnant**.

Leslie E. Keiffer has five colts and one filly, now 2-year-olds by **Jean Bart** in training and they have been commented on very favorably by competent critics. The following names have been selected and approved for them:—

***Monthars**, chestnut colt out of **Give Over** by **Flight of Time**.

Loch Raven, black colt out of **Alahabad** by ***Sir Gallahad III**.

Telescope, bay colt out of **Shining Eyes** by **High Strung**.

***Red Horizon**, bay colt out of **Lady Glassen** by **Escoba**.

King James, was 14 at the time of his death. His son **Eagle Pass**, now at stud in California, won the Havre de Grace Handicap of 1937.

Maryland lost a sire with considerable future still in 1940 when **Mowlee**, 15-year-old son of **Lucullite**—***Epinglette**, by **Sardanapale** died during his first season at the Antietam Farm of Mrs. Chester A. Lyon, near Hagerstown. **Mowlee** had previously stood at Clarksville, getting such winners as **General Mowlee**, **Remolee**, **English Harry**, **Sir Mowlee**, **Fernbrake** and others.

Empire Isle, bay colt out of **Sunny Home** by **Sun Edwin**.
Dunkirk Maid, bay filly out of **Ancilla** by ***Snob 2nd**.

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Cupid And The Fox

by O'Malley Knott

The temperature was 22; a thin covering of snow which had fallen several days before and was well packed down, making excellent footing; overcast sky and no wind.

The meet was at Howards Farm at 11:30, a small, select field of hardy, keen followers. I noticed the Master, Homer Gray, on his best hunter, Maryland; Bill Schermerhorn, huntsman, on his favorite Featherstone, Jack Melville first whip, on his favorite Highball; Sterling Tomkins, our new, hard-working, President; Glenn Folger, ex-M. F. H.; Joe Dixon on his old favorite Pax; Mrs. Melville on her beautiful thoroughbred, Chiropodist who sails his fences and lands like thistle-

down; Richmond Meyer, who goes out with the puppies every day and has had some excellent sport with them; Mrs. Frannie Schwartz; Jean McLelland of Vassar fame; Margaret Holt of Vassar; and her visitor, Kelly Hooker from Chicago and Charlottesville, Virginia, who went through the stiffest run we have had in two years on a horse he did not know and a country he never hunted in before; Ann Elder, our most enthusiastic Vassar fox hunter; Libby Highland, the crack Horse Show rider; Robbie and Snora Schmeltzer; Walt Holtz and the writer on old Kenilworth who, if checked in front of a fence, turns around and says "Damn your soul. Why don't you let me go?" We have agreed never to tell each other's ages.

I would like to mention all the horses that were out for I never had more respect for the horses and the Field than I had at the end of one hour and forty-five minutes with checks during the first hour and five minutes that hardly gave you a chance to get your breath.

The day before, we had no sport and put it down to the cold although for the few weeks previous we had excellent sport both with the puppy pack as well as the old hounds; so on this cold morning, we did not expect anything much. Drew several coverts blank and began joshing each other to keep the cold out and our spirits up. Homer actually rode up to Mrs. Melville who sold him his mare to see if we were telling the truth that she was so sick he should take her home. The power of suggestion is wonderful, as suddenly a Tally Ho sounded and before you could clap your hat down, hounds were off with a rush and a great cry. Then a strange thing happened. That big red dog fox, often in full view, kept turning and twisting within a radius of one half to a mile. Most of this happened in a long, narrow covert; one that was easy to see through. Twice I thought he would be chopped. He did come out in the open only to go back again. All the time the hounds were boiling along and gave such music as one seldom hears; everyone riding hell-bent for leather. I remember jumping one nasty rasper three different times. Everyone was excited, hounds gone wild, almost with their hackles up ready for a kill. This lasted for about twenty minutes when at last the game fox squared away and went to his mountain home due east about fourteen miles away.

The only way I can explain that fox's behaviour is that he had been visiting his lady love and did not want to leave the neighborhood. He tried every trick known to foxes to shake the hounds off first. However, hounds, horses and field were all fit and hard after the best season we have had in three years and were not to be denied. Then we all settled

down to gallop, jump and stay. The excitement and thrill we started off with remained with us until the very end. The first thirty minutes was as fast as we could go, hounds gaining on us a little in spite of the fact that we were in some of our good galloping country well panelled. Then a very welcome check of only two minutes when they were off again. I love the way these hounds go off after a check with the same drive and determination.

We gradually got into rough country, the first big range of hills separating the Rombout from the Millbrook south country. However, we got over this well with the help of a dirt road. Then another big open valley where we saw the pack turning north up this valley, good footing and plenty of jumping. But this time, there was no crowding. You were lucky to hold your place. Then the fox turned east again and started for the second range of hills. In this valley, Stirling Tomkins had a fall, the only one in the whole run. It was over a rather wide ditch, the landing bank straight. His horses did not quite make it and rolled over but no one was hurt. He was soon up and with us again. Another place where a tree had fallen over the far side of a panel—Bill Schermerhorn, Jack Melville and Bobbie Schmeltzer all jumped. Their horses had just room enough to land and without another stride jumped the tree with branches sticking up like a hairy bank in Ireland. Jack's horse was as near like a deer jumping as anything I ever saw. Homer Gray's great mare and his knowledge of the country kept us in touch with the pack for we got right out of our panelled country and had to creep, crawl and jump in

Continued on Page Six

Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds

Offer for sale fifteen couples of English foxhounds. These hounds are not a draft in the usual sense, but are excellent in their work and splendidly bred. Price very moderate. Sold in order to reduce and make room for young entry.

**W. PLUNKET STEWART, M. F. H.
Unionville, Chester County, Pa.**

Notes From Great Britain

Thoroughbreds Roughed Out On Pasture In Winter Have Hard Time

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Today the wind is blowing heaven's high—as it did on "The World Turned Upside Down, Cat and Custard Pot day", when, despite his own dictum of "Take not out your 'ounds on a werry windy day", John Jorlocks kept what proved an eventful fixture with his Handley Cross pack. Theorists have for months been recommending that horses should be left outside all the winter and have (on paper) sought to prove that such animals will take no harm no matter what the winter may bring, if they are given a bit of hay and a feed of corn when the ground is snow-covered. If these theorists had been with me this morning they would have seen some thoroughbreds with staring coats and ribs showing, standing with their hind-quarters as far into the shelter of a hedge as they could get them. They looked very sorry for themselves and one was sorry for them; in fact I dislike more and more going on this duty visit to them.

After struggling to close the badly hung gate in their pasture (what an art there is in hanging a gate properly, and how, when hunting, one has cursed the unmanageable ones!), I met a well-to-do yeoman farmer in the adjoining lane. He was as usual, carrying a gun. Indeed, a gun is to him the habitual companion as a walking-stick is to others. One Sunday morning the yeoman arrived at church with his gun under his arm and had to hide it in the porch. He spoke of the wind and wet and described it as "God's weather—but not His best", adding quickly, "But when you and I were hunting two or three days a week, we didn't let the weather stop us. In fact my old

father used to say, 'It may be too stormy to go on the land to work, too stormy to shoot and too stormy to go to church, but the weather never stops folks going hunting or attending a funeral.' He went on, "There's a lot of us will never go hunting again. Once a man of sixty gives up riding to hounds he may talk a lot about starting again, but he rarely does. He finds (what he wouldn't have admitted if he'd kept on) that his nerve has gone. There are hundreds trying to persuade themselves that they have given up hunting only during the war, but who will never hunt again. They'll discover a big hole in their nerves, and a bigger hole in their pockets when 'whoop-whoop!' is shouted over that there Hitler. In the meantime a lot of us have no heart for hunting. I should have walked down to see hounds if they had met on the village green the other day but they didn't come any nearer than the cross-roads. I hear other hunts also are avoiding all the parade and publicity they can, which I think is a mistake. Not only is it like admitting that hunting should not be taking place and that the fact should be kept as secret as possible, but also it is breaking long tradition. Villagers looked forward to seeing hounds on the green and meeting there kept alive the feeling that hounds and hunting are part and parcel of country life. You know the old song:

The hounds to the village do come

We all will be there with all trouble and care

Left far behind us at home.

The yeoman was right when he said that slump in nerve and slump in income will have a very serious effect on both hunting and racing.

He was right, too, when he said, "As country gentlemen are not now taking the shooting over small farms adjoining their own property you can't blame these little farmers making £10 or £20 by letting the shooting over their land to a syndicate of town gunmen. I wouldn't have those sort shooting over my place, but that's another matter. They're not really safe nor is anything which can fly or run if it comes within gunshot. I remember once when the old squire was hunting hounds after a very wild night, we drew on all day without finding a fox. They were all laid underground and hounds could neither speak nor feather. At the very tag-end of the day a sheep suddenly jumped up from some long grass and hounds chased it. They were whipped off and after the squire had rated them well he turned to me and said, 'You know they've had a very disappointing, boring day and they WILL hunt SOMETHING!' Well, it's the same with some of these syndicates of townsmen who take mixed shoots. They MUST loose off cartridges at something. A neighbour of mine who has let his shooting, says, 'They'll let fly at anything from a tom-tit to a telegraph pole!'"

Let me wind up this week's budget with a dialogue I heard the other day between two farmers in a country bus. This I think will interest American readers who may compare their opinions on horse dealers with those expressed by the Yorkshire farmers. Personally I always think the reputation for roguery attributed to horse dealers is much exaggerated for they have a reputation to maintain, without which their business would soon be at an end. Here is the dialogue to which I listened with amusement:

First Farmer: "Did you get a trade with that dealer chap who

came to see your horses?"

Second Farmer: "No! I couldn't get him to talk reason and he wouldn't make a bid at all for my young hunters. I told him at the finish that he didn't want to BUY horses; he wanted a present making of them. He never bid up as though he meant business and spent a whole afternoon haggling and crabbing until I was fair sick of him."

First Farmer: "I had him at my spot and he said I was talking like a madman when I put that bay mare in price at £60 and a bit back to him for luck. I told him a man could always come down a bit but couldn't go up when he'd named a figure. When he bid me half of what I'd asked him I said, 'You called me a madman; if I'm one, then all I can say is there's a brace of us.' I then told the lad to put the mare back in the stable and advised the dealer to go and buy some knackers from the Forty Thieves hawker tribe. He was suited but said he'd call again when I had my selling breeches on. 'If you come again, come when you have your buying cheque book with you', I said; and away he went."

Second Farmer: "I hear he bought a couple from John Edward and gave him a farish price, too, 'cordinglie to

the cheque John Edward showed me. Of course John didn't tell me what he'd given 'again' for luck. There's a few more besides John what likes to talk big about what they've made and always have the cheque made out for more than they've really got so that they can flash it about."

First Farmer: "It's a tricky business is the hoss trade. Them dealers are as cute as a barrow-load of monkeys. If you're selling a score of sheep, or half a dozen bullocks to a cattle dealer or a butcher you know where you are and there's not likely to be more than a matter of a few shillings between you . . . But the hoss trade's another job altogether; there's too much roguery and trying to 'best' folks in it for me. I never forget what me father used to say: 'Never put nowt in writing about a hoss you sells, and tell anyone who wants to buy that you'll warrant nowt—not even that it's a hoss'. Then he said: 'Never trust or believe anyone when you're selling or buying a hoss—not even a bishop. There's more lies been sworn to in court over hosses than anything else, but you stand a better chance of winning a law case if you put nowt in writing and if you give no guarantees.'"

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Ch. h., 1929

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BONNE NUIT

Gr. h., 1934

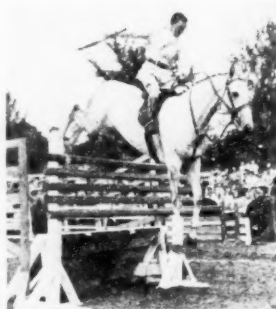
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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Continued from Page One

anti-racing crusade, which had reduced both racing and breeding to such an extremity in this country that they were almost in articulo mortis, some American breeders had the audacity to ship some of their thoroughbreds abroad—to Europe, Australia and South America—in a desperate attempt to dispose of them, as the market for them in their own country was ruined.

These shipments, for the most part, proved losing ventures. The cost of transportation to distant lands overseas, the cost of maintenance and sale after their arrival there, and the disappointingly small prices the horses brought, with few exceptions, left the consignors "in the red."

Nevertheless, the English breeders, who up to that time had enjoyed a complete monopoly of the world-thoroughbred foreign market, at once went into action.

They were unmoved by the fact that the American thoroughbred turf and breeding industry were at almost the last gasp and literally fighting for bare existence.

They paid no heed whatever to the allied fact that for about two hundred years America had been their own best foreign market and that millions upon millions of American dollars had been paid them for thousands upon thousands of English thoroughbreds.

But, upon motion of the Earl of Jersey, the English Jockey Club, which controls both breeding and racing in Great Britain, passed the now-famous "Jersey Act", by which the American thoroughbred was, in effect, declared a mongrel and henceforth denied registration in the English General Stud Book.

By this act the foreign market for

American thoroughbreds was at once and, to the present writing, absolutely and completely annihilated. While the British monopoly was, at the same time, absolutely and completely re-established.

But an interesting side-light remains to be thrown upon this historic occurrence.

Previous to the year 1913 quite a number of American thoroughbreds had been taken to England for turf and breeding purposes. And such was the merit of American blood that, through these conduits, it had won a place for itself in the pedigrees of many of the best English pedigrees of the time.

Now, according to the "Jersey Act," this blood was mongrel blood and outside the pale of recognition as "thoroughbreds"—if occurring in the pedigree of an American-bred horse, to whom the General Stud Book had been closed.

Under any logical or impartial method of procedure, it was the duty of the British censors to at once declare ALL animals carrying the "impure" American blood wherever bred, non-thoroughbred, and decree that they be at once and forever eliminated from the General Stud Book, together with all their descendants, world without end.

Did they do so?

They did not!

Had this been done it would have rendered worthless millions of dollars worth of animals then in use for racing and breeding purposes in England—of which many were owned and being used by members of the Jockey Club itself!

To confiscate them in this manner was, of course, something too repugnant, not to say outrageous, to be thought of.

So the impasse was solved in the following manner:

It was decreed that, though these animals were not and never henceforth could be true thoroughbreds IF BRED IN AMERICA, being bred and owned in Britain MADE them thoroughbreds in consequence their blood thereby was purified and they and their descendants were true thoroughbreds, entitled to registration in the General Stud Book and all ranks, rights and privileges thereby accruing.

By this means British breeders and owners were protected by official fiat from any possible loss.

While at the same time, horses bred in America were declared **NON-THOROUGHbred**, the "mongrel" blood they possessed was admitted to the English breeding fabric as thoroughbred when used by English breeders who already had introduced it into their pedigrees.

The late Sir Edward Elgar was considered the greatest English composer of modern times and because of his eminence received the high honor of knighthood from the late King George V. Among his most celebrated compositions was one entitled the "Enigma Variations" written for full symphony orchestra and ever since it came out, over 20 years ago, played all over the world by the leading symphony orchestras.

Though Sir Edward was often besought to describe the motive behind the work, he always smilingly refused to do so, saying that he preferred the listeners to solve the enigma for themselves.

It has always been my idea that this celebrated work was intended by him as a musical setting of the Jersey Act and its operation. It was understood that Sir Edward, like many other famous musicians, was much interested in racing.

CANADIAN JUMPER

Continued from Front Page

Choice and Devolta in the Piping Rock Steeplechase on January 12. His right to the show was little contested, with A. J. Reshaw's **Perfect Liar** finishing altogether fifteen lengths farther back.

Jockey Novak had the mount on **Favorsome** and it was the first time the two had faced a starter together. Whether it was the change in jockeys or whether it was just that he wanted that one good look at the Liverpool before he decided that racing over big brush fences was not so much more difficult for him than hurdle affairs, only **Favorsome** knows, but the combine proved a highly successful one and, judging by the margin of victory, one that bids fair to making this year as good a one for the Hammond colors as was 1940.

Nine starters paraded to the post in this allowance steeplechase, for 4-year-olds and upwards, with **Perfect Liar**, D. Ohland's **Devolta**, Robert Ritcor's **Flashing Steel** and Coytt Wilson's **Flaming Petee** all equally weighted with 144 pounds each. J. M. Geiser's **Walter B.**, who had finished fourth in the Battleship, was in at 137, having picked up three pounds since that previous outing.

The going was sloppy as the Riviera field went away from the post. Just as in his former effort and in characteristic fashion, **Favorsome** went into an early lead, drawing out readily in the first half mile. The first to come to grief was **Flaming Petee**, who went down with Jockey Colman at the 3rd fence. At the fence immediately following, the grey Ritcor gelding **Flashing Steel** bobbled in the muddy going and lost his rider. Two more mishaps followed at successive fences, **Walter B.**, losing his jockey at the 5th and **Napoleon** doing likewise at the 6th. The latter had gone "like a house afire" for the early part, attracting much attention with his excellent form, but he too appeared to be stopped by the going.

At the 8th fence, **Favorsome** himself, now far in front of his field, made a near hobble, but quickly recovered himself and lost little of his advantage. **Glazenwood**, who had been nearest the winner for most of the trip, appeared to weaken as they neared the final stages, but held on gamely and only gave way to **Playdema** in the last few strides. **Perfect Liar**, the last to finish, had jumped steadily and seemed unable to get within striking distance of the other four. **Napoleon** had been remounted after losing his rider, but was pulled up after several more fences.

Favorsome's hurdle triumphs last year included the South Shore Handicap and the Yorkshire Handicap at Lansdowne Park, the Lulu Island Handicap at Brighthouse Park and the Glasgow Handicap at Hastings Park in addition to others. In the Yorkshire he carried 160 pounds and in succeeding events continued to pick up additional weight until he was totting 170 when he won his final outing of the season, at Willows Park last September. At that time he gave the recent Piping Rock win-

Virginians Show Closes Entries On February 22

Entries for the 7th Virginian's Horse Show, to be held at J. North Fletcher's stables in Camden, S. C., will close on Saturday, February 22. This one day exhibition, scheduled for Saturday, March 1, has sixteen events carded for its morning and afternoon performances.

The morning activities, which are slated to get under way at 10 a. m., will be devoted entirely to hunter classes with the exception of one event for open jumpers and one horsemanship class for children 12 years of age and under. Classes for model, suitable, green and working hunters, as well as a ladies' hunter class, will be rounded off by a hunter sweepstake, open to green and qualified horses. Listed for the afternoon's program are, besides the usually colorful Corinthian and Hunt Teams, classes for hunter hacks, touch and out, middle and heavy-weight hunters, lightweight hunters and Camden working hunters.

Entry blanks may be had by writing J. North Fletcher, secretary, Camden, S. C. Christopher Wadsworth of Kenmore, N. Y., has been invited to judge.

VIRGINIA BREEDERS

Continued from Front Page
County breeder; Charles V. B. Cushman, who stands the sire **Double Scotch** at his Windsor Farm; Henry Frost, Jr., T. Beatty Brown and Walter Craigie. Plans were made to call a meeting in the Red Fox Tavern here in Middleburg on February 15 at 4 p. m., which all breeders and those interested in thoroughbreds in the state are invited to attend.

Mr. MacLeod expressed the hope that at this meeting a Virginia Breeders' Association, long needed, would come into being, with officers elected and plans developed that will permit of its immediate growth and future. Such an organization, with headquarters here in Middleburg and at least one field man on active duty throughout the state should certainly prove beneficial to the further advancement of thoroughbred interests in the state and it is hoped that the meeting will draw sufficient attendance to enable the venture to meet with the success it deserves.

ner **Somers Choice** eight pounds and beat him.

SUMMARY

4 & up steeplechase, about 2 miles, allow., purse \$1,000; winner F. H. Hammond's br. g. (7) by **Somers Heir-Favorite**, by Runnymede; trained by owner.
1. **Favorsome**, 149. J. Novak
2. **Playdema**, 139. H. Clements
3. **Glazenwood**, 135. A. Dorey
Nine started; also ran: **Perfect Liar**, 144. W. King; **Devolta**, 144. F. Cumens; lost rider: **Napoleon**, 149. G. Smith; **Walter B.**, 137. H. Clement; **Flashing Steel**, 144. W. Corum; fell: **Flaming Petee**, 144. C. Coleman; time: 4:13 (equals track record).

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WANTED—Experienced groom, with hunters and show horses. Must have satisfactory references. Write **Box F. Middleburg, Va.**

WANTED—Nash Buckingham's book *De Shootinest Gentman*, as published by The Derrydale Press 1934. Will pay cash. **The Chronicle, Middleburg, Va. 2t**

WANTED—Gordon Grand's book *The Silver Horn*, as published by The Derrydale Press 1932 (not Garden City). Name Derrydale Press on base of spine. Will pay cash. **The Chronicle, Middleburg, Va. 2t**

CUPID AND THE FOX

Continued from Page Three

the most extraordinary places. Running due north, we came to a road going east and west.

It was getting late and Homer asked Joe Dixon who was up with him to try and stop the pack. Hounds hesitated only a minute, turned at right angles on the road and went off again for a good quarter of a mile, refusing to quit. Several farmers viewed the fox during the run. Farmers' wives and children were all out saying they saw the fox and hounds were on ahead of us. The music of these hounds just drew them out of their cottages. We had reached the east side of the mountain overlooking Moor's Mills and were getting quite close to the mid county highway when Homer decided we must stop them. Everyone was up except Mrs. Melville who had lost a shoe just before this. Homer told me we crossed seventeen different farms and even then it was hard to stop hounds. Several hounds were very sore and had cut feet from the ice. It is always extraordinary to me what hounds will do just for the scent of a fox.

I am glad that grand fox was not killed. May he live to have many more wives and be the father of many more like himself!

CARROLLTON HOUNDS

Smallwood, Maryland.
Established 1936.
Recognized 1939.



On Wednesday, January 22, hounds met at Eastview at 2 P. M. The going was terribly slippery so with this in mind the huntsman had chosen the slowest hounds at the club to make up a pack. This proved to be a smart move, for as it was we could not have ridden any faster or farther had we been mounted on "Pegasus".

Hounds found about fifteen minutes after being thrown into covert and carried the line rather slowly at first. In a little while, having worked up on the fox, they settled down and took us south nearly to the Gamber Road. He then circled back to Eastview running a beautiful course in the open fields. We managed to stay right with them but it was a breath-taking ride for we literally slid most of the way. I looked at my watch during a very welcome check, and saw that hounds had already been running forty-five minutes. This was only the start for the energetic old-timer, for when hounds again hit it off they went straight away. Across the Gamber Road, into the Hackney's meadow they went, leaving Eastview far behind. Hounds cast around a bit in the meadow and for a moment it looked as though our quarry might have turned back—but no—they were away again. Through this rolling, open country and across the Falls hounds led us. Finally at 4 o'clock we found ourselves just behind Reisterstown. Since it was a long back to the club and hounds were checked we took this opportunity to lift them and started wending our way homeward. They had been running an hour and 45 minutes and by the time they reached the kennels had covered about thirty miles.

The next time a meet is set at Eastview we should start in the morning and have fresh horses waiting in Reisterstown. Perhaps then

we could learn this fox's destination.

It seems such a pity that our Saturday fields miss out on some of these mid-week hunts. On Wednesdays we invariably have good runs and small fields. The lucky ones out to-day were: Miss Mary Rae Groff, Miss Betty Pearre, Mrs. George Gillet, Mrs. Edward Whitman, Miss Nancy Sehlhorst, Mr. Joseph Shirley and yours truly. Mr. Eugene MacCaffrey has been acting master during the absence of Harry Straus, who is expected home tomorrow from California. —Priscilla Fuller

HILLSBORO HOUNDS

Brentwood, (P. O. Box 941, Nashville) Tennessee.
Established 1932.
Registered 1933.



New Year's Day

The meet was at the kennels on "Green Pastures", the home of Mason Houghland, M. F. H. Despite threatening rain and New Year's Eve parties, we had a large field, about 30 in all. We hacked about 3 miles to Liberty Church and cast in The Widow Fly's wood lot.

Hounds gave an occasional cry, but they couldn't seem to get together and carry the line. The rain came but most of the field stuck it out and were well rewarded for after a short time the rain let up. Then we found a line on Bud Redmond's place.

The whole pack settled onto the line and soon had the well known red up and going. He crossed the Charles Edmondson wooded pasture, in Wes Little's place and went to earth on Milton McArthur's. About this time the rain returned, a real downpour. We all headed for home, got soaked on the way, but we were thrilled to have started the New Year with a run.

For some unknown reason we haven't had much sport since the first of the year, but we know it will be better next time out. We were pleased to have Bill Turnbull, honorary whipper-in of the Redington Foot Beagles of Far Hills, N. J., out with us last Wednesday.—John Sloan, Honorary Secretary.

VICMEAD HUNT

Wilmington, R. F. D. 1, Delaware.
Established 1921.
Recognized 1924.



Tuesday, January 21. Meet was at Milford Crossroads at one o'clock. The day was clear, with no wind, and the temperature at about freezing. The ground was completely frozen and, since every indication was that scent would be poor, the meet was changed from the usual Manor Country on Tuesday.

The Milford Crossroads meet is the poorest we have, from a riding point of view, as the country in the first part is wooded, though flat, and in the latter part is wooded and hilly. Foxes literally abound, however, because in some big open fields in the first part, known as the Possum Park country, a beagle club runs trials almost each week-end of the season and imports rabbits which are released a day or two before the trials in order to be sure of sport. This supply of rabbits, no doubt, proving an easy source of feed for foxes, is an excellent proof of the value of feed in a country in order to hold foxes.

A fox was found immediately hounds were put into covert and from then on for about two hours

hounds were running constantly on one fox or another. It is impossible to say how many different foxes were run during this time because, since foxes are so numerous and the country wooded, hounds cannot be kept together and, when one pack would make a check they would promptly hark to some other pack that was running.

Scenting conditions were not as bad in the fields as expected, but were quite poor in the woods. At about three o'clock when hounds had gotten together and had made a loss, they were lifted and hacked about a half mile to the second section, known as Crow Hill.

The first fox was found there immediately and about the same type of hunt transpired for about another two hours that had taken place previously. At about 5 o'clock hounds were lifted at a check and taken in, after what had been by no means a

red letter day, but nevertheless, a better one than had been anticipated earlier.

Thursday, January 23. The meet was at one o'clock at Mr. Vogel's Upper Farm. There was a light wind from the southwest, and the weather had turned warm, about 50, and quite a thaw had occurred, making the going heavy, though the north sides of hills were frozen and slippery. The large sage fields of Mr. Snader's, which have been holding a fox, were first drawn and were blank, but a fox was found in a swale on Mr. Marvin's, which was the next covert.

This fox made a circling run between Cripple Woods, the Sills Mill woods and adjoining properties. Scenting conditions were spotty, due no doubt to variations in ground conditions, and after 20 minutes hounds presumably marked the fox to

Continued on Page Nine

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WILLIAM STEINKRAUS, WINNER OF THE A. H. S. A. MEDAL



Mr. Steinkraus, winner of the American Horse Show Assn. Medal and the Van Sinderen Cup, amassed 118 points in horsemanship competition in 1940. He is pictured in good form above. He was presented the Van Sinderen Cup at the recent meeting of the American Horse Shows Assn. and ably replied in an acceptance speech.

FOXCROFT SCHOOL AFIELD WITH MIDDLEBURG HOUNDS



Members of Foxcroft School get at least one day's hunting a week with Middleburg Hounds. Above is the "first flight" group at a recent meeting. Miss Eleanor Mackubin (on path) is in charge. Foxcroft School students are categorized in their varying degrees of experience hunting, coming up through the stages of "hoppers", "larkers" and "first flighters".

---Darling Photo

HILLSBORO HOUNDS, TENNESSEE, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1941



Hillsboro Hounds are pictured leaving the kennels on "Green Pastures", home of Mason Houghland, M.F.H., who is pictured in foreground with pack, when a New Year's fixture was held. An American pack of 23 couples go two days a week from November 1 to April 1. A good day in the rain was enjoyed on New Year's Day.

---Wiles Photo, Nashville, Tenn.



Followers of Hillsboro Hounds, (Tenn.) are shown moving off down a road from "Green Pastures". Pictured in the foreground, from left to right, are: Felix Peach, professional whipper-in; Bill Givedon (on grey), John Sloan, honorary whipper-in and secretary; Edward Potter, Jr., Scott Hines, Marshall Derryberry, Jr., Cornelia Fort, Anne Hines, Cynthia Tompkins and Ernest Hardison, (with white lapels).

---Wiles Photo, Nashville, Tenn.



HILLSBORO HOUNDS STAFF AND MASTER

Left to right are pictured Felix Peach, professional whipper-in, Mason Houghland, M.F.H. and John Sloan, honorary whipper-in and secretary. Mr. Sloan is the owner of BANK ROBBER, the 2nd horse in the history of Middle Tennessee steeplechasing, like Byron Hilliard's MY AGENT, to make a "grand slam" of winning "The Green Pastures", "The Foxview" and "The Smyrna Steeplechases". BANK ROBBER accomplished this feat last spring, with Mr. Hardison up, pictured in the above center picture. MY AGENT won all three in 1938.

---Wiles Photo, Nashville, Tenn.

VICMEAD HUNT

Continued from Page Six

ground, though they did not do so very strongly.

A start was made to draw the nearby covert of Mr. Dill, but hounds suddenly owned a line which led back toward Cripple Woods. It is a fair assumption that this was actually the line of the same fox, which had not gone to ground. Hounds worked this line slowly, but well, and jumped the fox which, after about five minutes, was killed in the Sills Mill covert, the line having turned back to it. It was a fine, big dog fox, and there is no explanation why he should have been killed, because there was no speed and he had every chance.

Hounds were then hacked to the Cooney swamp, which proved blank, but two foxes were viewed away from Mr. Vogel's covert. All hounds went away on one fox and from then, for about an hour and a half, hounds were running steadily, though slowly, on an unknown number of foxes. It was not possible to keep hounds together at all times, which on such a day is sometimes a help, because when one pack makes a bad check, they generally have another pack that is not at a check to which they can hark.

It was another day, quite frequent at this time of the year, that was active and enjoyable, though mostly so from the point of view of watching hounds.

Hounds were taken in about 5 o'clock, by which time the weather had turned considerably colder.

—J. S. D.

MR. NEWBOLD

ELY'S HOUNDS

Ambley, R. D. 1,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1931.



On the 18th the weather was still quite cold and we were hunting in the northern section of our very large country. The difference there from the middle and southern portions was most marked. Our lower country is entirely free of snow, the middle part about half and half and the northern solid snow and ice, showing what thirty miles and higher altitudes can do. Hounds went away very fast before reaching the Swamp Woods covert but on account of the action of some of the older hounds plus the fact that leaders of the pack were carrying a high head, it was known to be a deer and hounds were whipped off. In the Yellow Bungalow Woods, hounds started a fox which apparently was a gray, and on account of the deer just a few minutes before, Mr. Ely sent one of the whippers-in on ahead to make sure there were no deer tracks ahead. Unfortunately he missed them and hounds were allowed to hunt on thinking it was a fox. They then began racing very fast and crossed about two miles of country before any could be stopped and part of the pack went on to beyond Harlem, where they were recovered by efficient work on the part of the hunt staff. Just as the whole pack was getting together again and only about a half dozen of the field were still braving the dropping thermometer, two of the field came galloping up to report a fox seen crossing the road about a mile away. In bringing hounds on they struck the line of another fox and went off again, which caused a delay and only part of them were gotten on to the fox that had been viewed ahead, which, however, gave a run that was

MEANDER HOUNDS

Locust Dale,
Virginia.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.



Saturday, January 18

The Meander Hounds, Miss Shearer's private pack, met at the kennels, at 10 A. M., after nearly a week of enforced idleness due to ice and frozen ground. On this morning the weather was perfect, somewhat overcast but not too cold, and the going although very deep was not treacherous. Ten couple of hounds were out and we went first to Cedar Mountain situated some distance behind the Kennels.

In less than 10 minutes, hounds went away with a terrific drive and a beautiful cry, on a big red which was well viewed going out of the Mountain, across the Kennel farm pastures and on through Mr. Major's where he took to the hard road on Route 15 for one-half a mile. Above Proctor's Filling Station he turned northwest through White Shop to Fox Mountain where he doubled back again through White Shop and then due south through Wayland's Mill country.

At this point hounds had run between six and seven miles at a terrific pace, and we had ridden farther, as due to the deep going it would have been impossible to stay anywhere near hounds in the fields without doing a great deal of damage to the land and also distressing horses too much. Fortunately, some of the way, we were able to ride country roads and in this way stay within earshot of hounds.

From the Mill country he crossed Crooked Run, went up the hill and into Mr. McMullen's yard by Ford's Shop, then about a mile and a half through the big Berry Woods, where he turned west for another one-half mile. At this point Huntsman Reid Jones saw him in a last effort turn for about three-quarters of a mile into Mr. James Aylor's big open field where he was killed. Seventeen hounds were on when they rolled him over with "Citizen" taking the honor of actually being the first to grab him. Hounds had furnished as brilliant a drive as any pack could give. The run lasted about an hour and a quarter and both hounds and horses covered a tremendous distance during this time.

Huntsman Reid Jones was mounted on a 5-year-old Texas thoroughbred, **Charro**, who was only broken last July. To this good horse should go great credit, as he carried the huntsman up with hounds all the way in bad going, and was heavily weighted for his size and years. **Charro** should go far and well in the hunting field. Whipper-in Lewis Smith was riding a grand, big 16-3 thoroughbred 6-year-old, **Callahan**, who always does nice work. Miss Julia Shearer M. F. H. rode her good 17 hand thoroughbred hunter, **Sun Whisk**, who carries her regularly, safely and well, side-saddle. Miss Judy Shearer was mounted on her own hunter, also clean bred, **Night-School**, who is a brilliant jumper and a grand going horse. Your scribe, Mrs. Mary Drury, was being

practically as fast as that on the deer. Meanwhile, a report was brought up that a third fox had been viewed by a farmer on the other side of the road but hounds stuck to the hunted one.

J. H.

very carefully taken out for a first hunt on the veteran Guest horse **Croupier**, another 17 hand thoroughbred, having just had a caste removed, after eight weeks on the ground with sundry broken bones in the back. **Croupier** did his job like a thorough gentleman and we went the whole way with no worse results than a stiff rider the next day.

—M. K. D.

CARTER HOUNDS*

Orange,
Virginia.
Established about 1905.
Recognized 1933.



Mr. Carter's Hounds met at 1 P. M. at "Montebello". Eight couples of hounds were out, and a field of seven and two grooms. Mrs. Cary Jackson on her **Grayano**; Mrs. Mary Drury on her thoroughbred, 4-year-old, **Funny Face** by **The Clown**; Mr. Leslie Gray, Mr. V. R. Shackleford, Mr. Bradford Bartley and Mr. Howard Carpenter.

Conditions were ideal, the weather being mild, and the going, although still somewhat deep, was not too bad. We first drew through Montebello, the Faulkner and Farrar properties and found on the north side of William's Mountain. A red was viewed away and he went first west and then around the south side through the Camper, Seal and Jerdone Farms. The jumping through here was small but very tricky. From there, hounds running very well, went out across Mt. Sharon, which is a beautiful piece of galloping country, with good clean jumping mostly plank fences and chicken coops, with a rail or plank on top. From here he went down to Horfield and doubled back through Mt. Sharon a second time and, on to William's Mountain. Again, on this trip across Mt. Sharon we had a four foot in-and-out across a hard road. Hounds were at fault here and took a few minutes to work it out which was much needed by horses and riders as we had come about six or seven miles at a very fast clip. They then made it off again through the Williams and C. C. Curtiss

Farms and over to the Trimmer Farm. Here again we met a very upstanding jump in a 4'6" plank fence. From here he headed across Wright's farm, Judge Holladay's and Mr. Langborne Williams' and was marked to ground on the south side of Mr. William's Farm, right beside the main highway between Rapidan and Orange. Six and one-half couples were at the den when they put him in out of eight couples starting. As we had covered another 10 miles from the check, or a total of 16 miles, the five who finished the run with Mr. Carter, namely, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Drury, Mr. Gray and Mr. Shackleford were satisfied and ready to call it a day. It was a glorious run and we had all had enough.

M. K. D.

CAVALRY SCHOOL HUNT

Fort Riley,
Kansas.
Established 1921.
Recognized 1923.



Since our last notes published in The Chronicle, we have had several good runs after coyotes, with short but good views of the quarry. As they generally get a long start and run right out of the country, hounds have killed only one so far this season, but they certainly provide some fast bursts and puzzling checks for hounds.

Winter hunting can be pretty grim in Kansas, what with cold, wet weather or wind and snow. Conditions here have been rather bad but fields have averaged from 25 to 70 and our three hunt breakfasts past have each brought out over 150 friends of the hunt and followers to join us in singing hunting songs over the refreshments.

Should The Chronicle come this way, we can show you some new military hunter prospects on wheels whose cross-country ability is surprising, though the horse is still king over the walls and fences.—John Hughes Stodter, Major, Cavalry, Honorary Secretary.

Continued on Page Twelve

COQ D'ESPRIT



COQ D'ESPRIT, grey, 1934, by *COQ GAULOIS—DULCY, by *LIGHT BRIGADE, is a magnificent individual, standing 16.3, measures 78 inches around the girth, 9 1/2" below the knee and weighs 1,450 pounds. Combining, as he does, the jumping qualities of *COQ GAULOIS and *LIGHT BRIGADE, and being a brilliant jumper himself, he should prove a most outstanding sire of jumpers.

His only colt to start was a winner this year as a two-year-old.

AT STUD, CLIFTON FARM, BERRYVILLE, VA.

Fee \$100

No return except under special circumstances
DR. L. M. ALLEN, WINCHESTER, VA.

The Chronicle

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Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Middleburg, Virginia.

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Editorials

TAPPING THE SOURCE FOR POINT-TO-POINTS

With hunting shut down in many countries, committees are meeting to discuss plans for the coming point-to-points in the spring. Already The Chronicle has received tentative information on nine prospective meetings and many more are being arranged. These point-to-points or cross country races have had a wonderful resurgence in the last few years. They are the backbone of timber racing in the United States today and the popular interest taken in them corresponds closely with the enthusiasm and number of entries to be found in the timber races, for the next step for the winner of a good point-to-point is the timber race, nor is there any better schooling for the great post and rail horses of the future than the point-to-point.

Those who have the future of America's own contribution to racing, the race over post and rails, at heart, should, therefore, watch the developments with care in the point-to-point meetings. There is one all important factor to the future enthusiasm of the point-to-points. It is the owner riding. Nothing is more important and nothing will kill point-to-points faster than the absence of the owner. In the first place the only incentive to entering a horse in a point-to-point is the owner's personal enthusiasm. There are no purses and unless the owner is keen enough to want to enter his horse across country there would be no reason for the meeting. One thing insures this interest, the fact that he is to be an owner-up. No owner can fail to get a thrill out of riding his own hunter.

The problem then is how to see to it that the owner is up and not an amateur race rider. The most important aid to bring owners out is to make the course one in which the owner is not going to have to ride a timber race to win. It must be a course which will not shake the confidence of the rider in himself. The point-to-point must be tricky enough, demanding enough to exclude the race horse who is unmanageable in the hunting field, and to make the all important requisite for winning the point-to-point, a bona fide hunter, capable of jumping an in-and-out, of checking and turning sharply to jump right or left handed and then with stamina to roll on over the flat to the finish. If the course is properly laid out for a hunting hunter, there need be no stipulations or qualifications as to what horses may enter because the course itself will qualify the horse and the winner should be the best hunter in the field, with ability to jump the major qualification, stamina second and speed third.

With a proper course, long enough, natural enough, and tough enough the hunting hunter will be there. To insure the owner riding, the point-to-points should require owners up, for if the owner feels he is going to have to ride against the crack amateurs of the country who are given mounts by other owners to win the race he is going to be hesitant about entering. All point-to-points ought to revolve around the foxhunter and to do this it is necessary to stipulate owners to ride. This may cut down on entries the first year, but it will tap the greatest of all fields for riders, the hunting man with a fit horse at the end of the hunting season, who does not want to race out of his class, but would like to enter competition with other foxhunters. There are comparatively few amateur riders in the country, all too few, but their presence in the point-to-point meeting races, is just the difference between an

all owner up day with hunting men riding, and a day with a few hardy souls who have confidence to back their luck against amateurs who make racing their avocation. The amateurs have the hunt meetings in which to race. The point-to-point is not and should not be their day. It belongs to the fox-hunting owner who has not ridden races recognized by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association at the hunt meetings or on the big tracks. This is where the division lies and this is where it should be strictly drawn, for the success of point-to-point racing and the development of timber racing of the future lies with the owners.

Letters to the Editor

Not Downhearted

Editor's Note: The following extract from a letter, written to Norman de R. Whitehouse in New York by his sister now in England, was sent to Fletcher Harper, M. F. H. Orange County Hunt, with the suggestion that it be passed on for publication in The Chronicle, as Mr. Whitehouse felt it would be of interest to all foxhunters. We are indebted to Mr. Harper for his kindness in forwarding it:

Goffs House
The Goffs
Eastbourne

January 1st, 1941

My darling Normie,

May 1941 be freer of illness and worries for you than 1940 has been for us all. Poor London! We have had quite a long all clear here and hardly know ourselves. "Tippy" and I had a nice walk to celebrate the New Year. Did I tell you about our effort at a meet? It was all so comical. Just a skeleton pack (six couples) and half a dozen riders and about 40 in the field on foot. The field consisted of very old and very young, some of the latter pushed in there prams and yelling as they got stuck in ploughs etc. Foxes scuttled in all directions and the hounds wore a hot and bothered expression as yet another fox would shoot out of the bushes. We ran and jumped over trenches, scrambled up and down craters and wire entanglements and made detours where notices said "Beware unexploded bomb" and were stopped by fierce looking Home Guards and asked for identity cards etc., to make sure we were not parachutists, and cottagers all but clubbing us for Nazi invaders. But it was great fun and showed the gang of reynards that they were not masters of all they surveyed and that we are not downhearted.

Unhappy Prophecy

The Chronicle
Middleburg, Va.
Gentlemen:

At the Radio Round Table, sponsored by the University of Chicago Governor La Follette made the prediction that after this war the "Fox Hunting Set" would no longer rule England.

Here are just a few Foxhunters, prominent in Britain's history. The present Lord Halifax (Ambassador to Washington) is quoted as saying he would rather be M. F. H. than Prime Minister of England. Admiral Lord Beatty hunted with Radnor Hunt and other American packs on his first visit here. The great Duke of Wellington was an enthusiastic foxhunter and is said to have taken hounds with him on military campaigns.

As to our own country, the charming author of "Gone With The Wind" says that the famous rebel yell had its origin in a huntsman's call to his hounds. I am reliably informed that many distinguished cavalymen and other soldiers of the Confederate

Army were foxhunters. Some of your readers, I am sure can furnish you with names of many of these gallant gentlemen.

May I close by reminding Governor La Follette that General George Washington not only loved foxhunting, but kept his own hounds. When this war is over, we all hope and pray that all foxhunters in military service will return home safely to enjoy once more their grand sport.

William A. Rolin
Atlantic Beach, Florida,
January 23, 1941.

Editor's Note: Governor La Follette's choice of words was an unhappy one. The "fox hunting set" never has ruled England or sought to rule it, but the fact remains that the character, minds and bodies of many of the great men of England and this country have been built and strengthened through days behind hounds. It is not too much to hope that the health, recreation and courage derived from foxhunting will always be here so long as there is land to ride upon. An occasional foxhunt might give the worthy governor a little broader and more tolerant point of view.

Horse Crazy

"Horse Crazy"

January 18, 1941
Brooklyn, N. Y.C.

Dear Sir:

My daughter and I are what you might call "horse crazy". In fact the whole family leans a little bit that way and becomes quite irrational when its thoughts wander in that general direction.

Would you be good enough to do two things: first, enter my subscription to The Chronicle, to be sent to me at this address; second, give me the address, if possible, of Elizabeth Daingerfield, in whose foot-steps as a women trainer my daughter hopes to follow.

Sincerely yours,
Bruce Berckmans.

Carolinas Mixed

The Chronicle
Middleburg, Virginia.
Gentlemen:

Your issue of January 24th just received, requests corrections to your National Stallion roster.

Fitzrue, whom you list in South Carolina, should be moved to North Carolina. Of this I am quite sure. Kai Feng, whom you list in North Carolina, should be listed in South Carolina, I believe. Further inspection indicates that what you have done is simply to completely cross North Carolina entries. I think you will find that all of the South Carolina sires should be moved to North Carolina and that the town of Morgantown should be spelled Morganton.

Very truly yours,
F. D. Bell
Continued on Page Eleven

Letter To Editor

Continued from Page Ten

Master Johnny And Bruce

Master Johnny & Bruce.

January 14, '41
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I just read your hunter and jumper record in your last Chronicle and would like to tell you that Master Johnny was shown in 10 shows during 1940, winning 6 championships, at Muncie, Ind., Sportsmans Show, Kansas City; Arlington, Indianapolis; Hinsdale, Ill., Des Moines, Ia., and American Royal, Kansas City. He also was reserve at St. Louis National and at Lake Forest, Ill.

I further might mention he was shown 5 times in St. Louis, winning 3 blues and 1 reserve, also at Lake Forest Reconstruction, the champion, had two chances in the stake class and was placed over Master Johnny. I note you give Holystone reserve and as I remember he was out of the money.

(Editor's Note: Holystone was the official reserve hunter champion of the Lake Forest Horse Show. Mrs. Thompson has reference to the stake, where he was out of the money.)

At the American Royal, Master Johnny retired the challenge trophy there and lost one class out of 5 there. He was undefeated at Sportsmans Spring Show also at Arlington. He was 1st in the model at Lake Forest, defeating Holystone and Reconstruction. I don't think you should give anyone else the credit for making him as Eddie Bruns really made the horse.

About Bruce, my jumper. He really deserves a better mention than he got. He was shown at Sportsmans, won all his classes but one and then was 2nd to a stablemate. At Arlington he won the stake and all classes but one. At Hinsdale he lost but one class. At Lake Forest he won the stake and the championship. He won the stake at Champaign, Ill., Charleston, Ill., Springfield, Ill., and Des Moines, Ia. He was reserve at St. Louis, also champion in sweepstake. At the American Royal he won the stake and lost but one class out of five. Then at the International, Chicago, we lost the stake but he won 5 classes out of 6.

I think Bruce's record is a real record and feel it should be recorded.

Eddie Bruns rode both horses in all classes and I think he deserves credit as you can look up past records and find that both horses had not previously been considered top horses until Bruns got them. He has been with me 5 years and I truly think him a champion as well.

Yours truly,

Jean C. Thompson.
(Mrs. A. C. Thompson)

(Editor's Note: The Chronicle failed to carry some of the championship honors accorded to Master Johnny and Bruce, in that it was impossible to get coverage. The Chronicle roster of hunter and jumper champions was compiled only from shows covered by The Chronicle in 1940. It is the hope of this publication that 100 percent coverage can be given to all horse shows held in the United States and Canada in 1941. Such an ambition can only be fulfilled through a prompt co-operation of all show secretaries in assisting The Chronicle with marked programs.)

Racing Calendar

JANUARY

1-Mar. 8. Santa Anita Park, Los Angeles Turf Club, Arcadia, Cal. (From Dec. 28, 1940.)

Santa Vicente Stakes, 1 mi., 3-yr. olds, Sat., Feb. 1 \$10,000 Added
Santa Margarita Stakes, 1 1-16 mi., 4 & up, fillies and mares, Sat., Feb. 8 \$10,000 Added
SANTA ANITA DERBY, 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr. olds, Wed., Feb. 12 \$50,000 Added
San Carlos Handicap, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 15 \$10,000 Added
San Antonio Handicap, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 22 \$10,000 Added
California-Bred Two-Year Old Stakes, 3 f., 2-yr. olds, Wed., Feb. 26 \$5,000 Added
SANTA ANITA HANDICAP, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 1 \$100,000 Added
Juvenile Champion Stakes, 3 f., 2-yr. olds, Wed., Mar. 5 \$5,000 Added
San Juan Capistrano Handicap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 8 \$50,000 Added
8-Mar. 1. Hialeah Park, Miami Jockey Club, Miami, Fla.

The Bahamas, 7 f., 3-yr. olds, Sat., Feb. 1 \$5,000 Added
The Black Helen, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Sat., Feb. 8 \$5,000 Added
McLennan Memorial, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 15 \$10,000 Added
The Flamingo, 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr. olds, Sat., Feb. 22 \$20,000 Added
The Miami Jockey Club Dinner Stakes, 3 f., 2-yr. olds, Mon., Feb. 24 \$2,000 Added
The Evening, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Fri., Feb. 28 \$5,000 Added
THE WIDENER, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 1 \$50,000 Added
Hialeah Juvenile Stakes, 3 f., 2-yr. olds, Sat., Mar. 1 \$5,000 Added
18-Mar. 20. Oriental Park, Havana Racing and Casino Ass'n., Havana, Cuba.
18-Feb. 22. Golden Gate Park, Golden Gate Turf Club, San Francisco, Cal.

Ed. Note: Due to postponement of Golden Gate Park's opening (scheduled for Dec. 28) the stake dates below are incorrect. No official changes have yet been received.

Albany Handicap, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 4 \$5,000 Added
Sutter Handicap, 1 mi., 3-yr. olds foaled in Cal., Sat., Jan. 11 \$5,000 Added
Oakland Handicap, 1 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 18 \$5,000 Added
Pioneer Handicap, 7 f., 3-yr. olds, Sat., Jan. 25 \$5,000 Added
Bruns Handicap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 1 \$10,000 Added
Peninsula Handicap, 1 mi., 3-yr. old fillies and mares, Sat., Feb. 8 \$5,000 Added
San Francisco Bay Stakes, 3 f., 2-yr. olds, foaled in Cal., Wed., Feb. 12 \$5,000 Added
GOLDEN GATE HANDICAP, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 15 \$50,000 Added
Northern California Stakes, 3 f., 2-yr. olds, Wed., Feb. 19 \$3,500 Added
California Derby, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr. olds, Sat., Feb. 22 \$10,000 Added

FEBRUARY

24-Mar. 29. Oaklawn Park, Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark.

MARCH

3-Apr. 10. Tropical Park, Gables Racing Ass'n., Coral Gables, Fla.

APRIL

1-12. Bowie, Southern Maryland Agricultural Ass'n., Bowie, Md.
10-24. Keeneland, Keeneland Association, Inc., Lexington, Ky.
14-26. Havre de Grace, Harford Agricultural and Breeders' Ass'n., Havre de Grace, Md.
14-May 10. Narragansett, Narragansett Racing Ass'n., Pawtucket, R. I.
26-17. Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill.
26-May 17. Churchill Downs, Churchill Downs-Latonia, Inc., Louisville, Ky.
28-Mar. 10. Pimlico, Maryland Jockey Club, Baltimore, Md.

MAY

12-July 26. Suffolk Downs, Eastern Racing Ass'n., Inc., Boston, Mass.
Plymouth Rock Handicap, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., May 17 \$5,000 Added
Governor's Handicap, 1 mi., 3 & up, Sat., May 24 \$5,000 Added
Tomasello Memorial Handicap, 6 f., 3 & up, Fri., May 30 \$5,000 Added
Puritan Handicap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., June 7 \$5,000 Added
Commonwealth Handicap, 6 f., 3-yr. old fillies, Sat., June 14 \$5,000 Added
Betsy Ross Stakes, 5 f., 2-yr. old fillies, Sat., June 28 \$5,000 Added
Constitution Handicap, 1 mi., 3-yr. olds, Sat., June 28 \$5,000 Added
Yankee Handicap, 1 3-16 mi., 3-yr. olds, Fri., July 4 \$25,000 Added
Myles Standish Stakes, 5 f., 2-yr. olds, colts & geldings, Sat., July 5 \$7,500 Added
Hannah Dustin Handicap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., July 12 \$10,000 Added
Massachusetts Handicap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Wed., July 16 \$50,000 Added
Mayflower Stakes, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr. olds, Sat., July 19 \$15,000 Added
17-24. Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
19-June 21. Lincoln Fields, Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Chicago, Ill.
26-June 2. Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Ass'n., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

JUNE

4-11. Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
14-21. Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Ass'n. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
16-July 26. Elkwood Park, Monmouth Park Racing Ass'n., Oceanport, N. J.
23-July 31. Arlington Park, Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Chicago, Ill.
24-July 1. Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

JULY

4-19. Fort Erie, Niagara Racing Ass'n., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada.
15-19. Hagerstown, Hagerstown Fair, Hagerstown, Md.
22-30. Queens Park, Ascot Turf Club, London, Ontario, Canada.

23-Aug. 2. Bel Air, Harford County Fair Ass'n., Bel Air, Md.

AUGUST

1-Sept. 6. Washington Park, Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Chicago, Ill.
2-9. Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
5-16. Cumberland, Cumberland Fair Ass'n., Cumberland, Md.
4-Sept. 20. Narragansett Park, Narragansett Racing Ass'n., Pawtucket, R. I.
16-Sept. 1. Stamford Park, Bellville Driving & Athletic Ass'n., Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada.
20-30. Marlboro, Southern Maryland Agricultural Fair Ass'n., Marlboro, Md.

SEPTEMBER

1-11. Timonium, Maryland State Fair and Agricultural Society, Timonium, Md.
6-13. Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Ass'n., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
8-Oct. 18. Hawthorne, Chicago Business Men's Racing Ass'n., Chicago, Ill.
13-17. Havre de Grace, Harford Agricultural & Breeders' Ass'n., Havre de Grace, Md.
20-27. Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
OCTOBER
1-29. Laurel, Maryland State Fair, Inc., Laurel, Md.
4-11. Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
13-20. Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Ass'n. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
20-Nov. 1. Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill.
30-Nov. 13. Pimlico, Maryland Jockey Club, Baltimore, Md.

NOVEMBER

14-29. Bowie, Southern Maryland Agricultural Ass'n., Bowie, Md.

Hound Show Calendar

JANUARY

31-New York Hound Show, Polo and Riding Club.

Hunt Meeting Calendar

FEBRUARY

22-Washington Birthday Races, Camden, S. C. (Tentative).

MARCH

15-Sandhills Steeplechase and Racing Ass'n., Southern Pines, N. C.
22-Aiken Mile Track Ass'n., Aiken, S. C.
29-Carolina Cup, Camden, S. C.

APRIL

5-Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va.
12-Middleburg Hunt Race Ass'n., Middleburg, Va.
12-My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point, Monkton, Md.
19-Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md.
26-Maryland Hunt Cup Ass'n., Glyndon, Md.

MAY

3-Virginia Gold Cup Ass'n., Warrenton, Va.
3-Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Broad Axe, Pa.

OCTOBER

11-Rombout Hunt, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Point-to-Point Calendar

MARCH

-Brandywine Hill Point-to-Point, Marshallton, Pa.
15-Warrenton Hunt, (Mr. Amory Carhart, M. F. H., Warrenton, Va.)
22-Piedmont and Neighboring Hunts (Mr. Paul Mellon, Upperville, Va.)
29-Happy Hill Point-to-Point, (Charles C. Harrison III, 123 So. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.)

APRIL

5-Potomac Point-to-Point, Rockville, Md., (J. N. Greear, Jr., Secy., 3532 Edmunds St., W. Washington, D. C.)
Meadow Brook Hunt, (for place apply Mrs. Richard Bakcock, Woodbury, L. I., N. Y.)
Happy Hill Point-to-Point, (Charles C. Harrison III, Newtown Square, Pa.)

MAY

19-Potomac Hunter Trials, Rockville, Md., (J. N. Greear, Jr., 3532 Edmunds St., N. W., Washington, D. C.)
-Frankstown Hunt, Altoona, Pa.
OCTOBER
18-Rombout Hunt, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
NOVEMBER
-Bridlespur Hunt, Clayton, Mo. (No date set).

Hunter Trial Calendar

APRIL

-Meadow Brook Hunt, Jackson Farm, Jericho, L. I., N. Y. (Date to be set).
19-Potomac Hunter Trials, Rockville, Md., (J. N. Greear, Jr., 3532 Edmunds St., N. W., Washington, D. C.)

MAY

-Frankstown Hunt, Altoona, Pa.

OCTOBER

18-Rombout Hunt, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

NOVEMBER

-Bridlespur Hunt, Clayton, Mo. (No date set).

Beagles Trials Calendar

FEBRUARY

6-Treweryn Beagles, Annual Ball, Radnor Hunt Club, 10 P. M.

Horse Show Calendar

(Subject To Change)

FEBRUARY

8-Saddle and Bridle Club, Buffalo, N. Y.
15-Camden Schooling Show, S. C.

MARCH

1-Inter-school, Watertown, Conn.

1-Virginian's, Camden, S. C.
8-Kimberley School, West Orange, N. J.
14-16-110th Field Artillery Horse Show, Pikesville, Md.
26-27-Camden Horse Show, S. C.

APRIL

5-Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, Conn.
19-Wall Street Riding Club, N. Y.
25-26-Lynchburg Junior League, Va.
26-Fairfax Hunt, Fairfax, Va.

MAY

3-4-Cavalier, Virginia Beach, Va.
9-11-Atlanta, Ga.
10-11-Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough, N. Y.

11-or-18-Bridlespur Hunt, Clayton, Mo.
17-Longmeadow Junior, Longmeadow, Mass.
17-18-Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
17-18-Watching Riding and Driving Club, Summit, N. J.

18-Oaks Hunt, Great Neck, L. I.
16-18-Washington, Chevy Chase, Md.
22-24-Wilmington, Del.
24-Landon School Junior, Edgemoor, Md.
24-State Island, West Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

24-25-Rombout Hunt, Greenvale Farm, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
25-Rockwood Hall, Tarrytown, N. Y.
26-31-Devon, Pa.
29-June 1-Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.
30-Wicomico Hunt Horse Show, Salisbury, Md.

30-31-Hampton, Va.
30-31-York Mills, Eglington Hunt, Toronto, Ont.
31-June 1-Secor Farms Riding Club, White Plains, N. Y.

JUNE

-Battle Creek Saddle and Hunt Club, Riverside Drive, Battle Creek, Mich. (No date set).
4-5-West Point, N. C.
5-7-Allegany C. C., Sewickley, Pa.
6-7-Reading, Pa.
6-7-Tuxedo, N. Y.
7-8-Deep Run Hunt, Richmond, Va.
7-8-Tidewater, Norfolk, Va.
11-15-Detroit, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
12-14-Sedgefield, High Point, N. C.
13-14-104th Cavalry, Harrisburg, Pa.
13-14-Westchester County, Port Chester, N. Y.
13-14-Upperville, Va.
14-21-Wilbraham, Mass.
14-15-Hinsdale, Ill.
15-Bronxville Riding Club, Tuckahoe, N. Y.
18-19-Charles Town, W. Va.
18-21-Lake Forest, Ill.
19-21-Huntington, W. Va.
19-22-Troy, N. Y.
20-21-Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn.
20-21-Toledo, Ohio.
21-Warrenton Pony Show, Warrenton, Va.
21-22-Three Oaks Riding Club, Allentown, Pa.
21-22-Watertown Riding and Country Club, Watertown, Conn.
22-Pegasus Club, Rockledge, N. J.
22-Sands Point, L. I., N. Y.
26-28-Fairfield County Hunt, Westport, Conn.

JULY

4-5-Culpeper, Va.
10-13-Country Club, Rye, N. Y.
10-12-Valley Hunt, Bradford, Pa.
11-13-Scranton, Clark Summit, Pa.
11-12-Oconomowoc, Wis.
17-19-Monmouth County, Rumson, N. J.
18-19-Rappahannock County, Washington, Va.
26-27-Lakeville, Conn.

AUGUST

1-2-Pittsfield Riding and Polo Club, Pittsfield, Mass.
1-3-Jersey Shore, Spring Lake, N. J.
7-8-Bath County, Hot Springs, Va.
8-10-Sagamore, Bolton Landing, N. Y.
9-Litchfield, Conn.
15-16-Eastern Slope, North Conway, N. H.
16-17-Lake Placid, N. Y.
17-Goshen Agricultural, Goshen, Conn.
17-24-Missouri State Fair, Sedalia, Mo.
21-23-Pocono Mtns., Mt. Pocono, Pa.
21-23-Cohasset, Mass.
23-Riding Club of East Hampton, L. I.
23-Keswick Hunt, Keswick, Va.
25-28-Huntingdon County, Huntingdon, Pa.
26-27-Rhinebeck Dutchess County, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
27-29-Harford County Fair, Bel Air, Md.
29-30-Orangeburg Fair, Orangeburg, N. Y.
30-Smithtown, St. James, L. I.
30-Sept. 1-Warrenton, Va.

SEPTEMBER

1-Altosna, Pa.
5-6-Cecil County, Breeders' Fair, Fair Hill, Md.
9-12-Brockton Fair, Brockton, Mass.
12-13-New Brunswick, N. J.
13-Gipsy Trail Club, Carmel, N. Y.
14-Lawrence Farms Hunt, Mount Kisco, N. Y.
14-American Legion, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.
15-20-Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass.
18-21-North Shore, Stony Brook, L. I.
18-20-Wisshickon, Whitmarsh, Pa.
19-20-Farmington Hunt, Charlottesville, Va.
19-20-Plainfield Riding Club, Plainfield, N. J.
20-Byram River, Glenville, Conn.
21-Pocantico Hills, N. Tarrytown, N. Y.
24-27-Byrn Mawr, Pa.
25-29-Monterey County Fair, Monterey, Calif.
29-27-Montclair, N. J.

27-Oct. 4-St. Louis National, Mo.
29-Brookville Charity, Brookville, L. I.

OCTOBER

1-5-Piping Rock, Locust Valley, L. I.
2-4-Rock Spring, W. Orange, N. J.
5-11-Ak-Sar-Ben, Omaha, Neb.
18-25-American Royal, Kansas City, Mo.
23-25-Harrisburg, Pa.
23-28-Inter-American, Chevy Chase, Md.

NOVEMBER

5-12-National, Madison Square Garden, N. Y.
29-Boulder Brook, N. Y.

DECEMBER

13-Brooklyn, N. Y.

Farmer's Day

APRIL
-Battle Creek Saddle and Hunt Club, Riverside Drive, Battle Creek, Mich.

SEPTEMBER
20-Bridlespur Hunt, Clayton, Mo., Mms. Defoes.

6-Howard County Hunt, Md., Glenelg.

OCTOBER
4-Traders Point Hunt, Indianapolis, Ind.

NOVEMBER
14-Rombout Hunt, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PIEDMONT FOX HOUNDS*

Upperville, Virginia.
Established 1840.
Recognized 1904.



Friday, January 24

The meet was at 1 P. M. at Union. Had hounds been out at 8 A. M., a good day might have been enjoyed, but as it was, falling weather continued throughout the day so that by meeting time a steady downpour had commenced.

The day seemed hopeless as hounds moved off, with a chilling rain soaking the 20 "fool" hardies. That a fox would be up seemed unbelievable. Still Piedmont hounds found a fox abroad and worked him for upwards of 40 minutes, with very spotty scenting conditions prevailing, for, what with the rain, it was freezing on the ground.

Followers had some jumping. Hounds ran like smoke over the wheat, where somehow the scent was holding. In the taller grass fields it was almost hopeless. Hounds persevered, showing great drive and enthusiasm and packed remarkably well, responding with alacrity to guidance from the huntsman.

A day was called at the end of an hour and a half and it was a long hack home, with rain freezing to one's head-gear and chilling horses to the marrow. The country was like a fairy-land, with heavy icy coatings on all trees, fences and telephone lines.

CHAGRIN VALLEY HUNT

Gates Mills, Ohio.
Established 1908.
Recognized 1909.



Ralph T. King, jr., retiring Master of Foxhounds of the Chagrin Valley Hunt, one of the oldest hunts in this part of the country, was the guest of honor at a dinner given Thursday, January 23, at the Hunt Club by hunting members, Mr. King, who is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 107th Cavalry, soon will leave to take up his duties in the United States Army. Mr. King is succeeded by Mrs. Thomas H. White and Mr. George M. Humphrey as Joint Masters, both of whom are well known in the local and national horse world. In the thirty-three years of the hunt's continued activity Mrs. White is the first lady to act in that capacity. She is not, however, the first one in her family. Mr. Windsor T. White, who was present at the dinner, and whose interest and leadership are largely responsible for the establishment and long existence of the hunt, was Master from the time of the hunt's establishment in 1908 until 1928. During the last few years of his mastership he acted jointly with the prominent late Mr. Corliss E. Sullivan, who succeeded him in that year. Upon Mr. Sullivan's retirement in 1934, Mr. King became Master, after having been honorary whipper-in for many years, and has been such since that time. He has shown us excellent sport and we are all grateful for his leadership.

Mrs. Arthur S. Laundon will be the Honorary Secretary of the Hunt with the new Masters, while Mr. Crispin Oglebay, eminent foxhunter and owner of champions, has been appointed Chairman of the Hunt Committee.

At the conclusion of the dinner, after talks by Mrs. White, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Oglebay, Mr. King, Mr. Windsor White and others, Mr. King

New Harrier Grouping Permits Showing Of Oversize Beagles

Harriers are an old established breed of hounds in England, where a stud book has been maintained for many years. When the Harrier Stud book was founded, English foxhounds that were small enough, and had been entered to hare were qualified as foundation stock. Even though the general belief still prevails that Harriers are merely the hounds that stand mid-way between beagles and foxhounds, these hounds have many distinct characteristics in addition to the difference in size, but they must be entered to hare. In America beagles are entered to hare but a few packs do the work of harriers, and the Fields ride instead of following on foot as is customary with beagles. Breeders of Beagles have a great problem of keeping the size down to 15 inches, which is the limit for field trials and bench, but very often the best hounds of a litter are over 15 inches. These oversize beagles could be hunted even though they were unable to compete in the field or on the bench, so the breeders were always confronted with the problem of the proper disposition of good hounds that were slightly oversize. Mr. Edward W. Lucas, owner of the Whiteoaks Foot Beagles, Bedminster, N. J., has been hunting some of these oversize beagles, and Mrs. Wesley Trimpi has been doing the same with the Nantucket Harriers of Nantucket, Mass. Both packs have given excellent sport in the field, but were barred from competition due to their size. The seven classes for American harriers at the New York Hound Show on Friday, January 31st were designed for these hounds, and the classification is a slight improvement on the division of the Bryn Mawr show where the idea originated.

ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media, Pennsylvania.
Established 1859.
Recognized 1904.



Monday January 13

Hounds met at Mr. Hannum's gate at eleven o'clock. In woods, respectively fore and aft, Mr. Hannum's hounds ran first one inglorious fox and then another. I say inglorious because the poor-spirited things ran but about five minutes each before saying quits. The third fox that hounds uncovered in Mr. Riddle's woods circled for two hours through and around Williamson School. Scent was good and hounds worked well, but the masses of green briars on all sides dense and thick and almost impenetrable made it impossible for hounds to swing into heart warming rhythmic music.

Tuesday January 14.

Hounds met at the Kennels at one thirty. After drawing blank in all the coverts on the way, hounds uncovered in Allen's Hollow a leader that fully understood and enjoyed the old, old game of "Fox and Hounds". Across St. Peter's and St. Paul's he sped into Atwater Kent's and on through the Austin's and Bodine's, through the club grounds, across Providence Road at the Leedom's, through the Lewis-Hart woods, through the Borden's and on into the Hart meadow. Here another fox, equally stout of heart, crossed

was presented with a trophy on behalf of the Hunt Members by Mrs. White, who was, until recently, Chairman of that Committee.—E. B.

the line of the first, and hounds changed to the line of the second instead of following the first one on into the Barrens this to the delight of the field, for no one loves the Barrens, only deer and grey foxes! This second fox led straight up country to the Gradyville Road where he turned and led back to Mr. Leedom's field opposite the Linns. At this point as it was getting dark, Mr. Kerr decided to whip off. From Allen's Hollow to Gradyville Road is a five mile point. This good run was the one bright spot in a foul hunting week.

Thursday and Saturday—weather!
P. G. G.

FARMINGTON HUNT CLUB

Charlottesville, (Box 1), Virginia.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1932.



Tuesday January 14

Hounds met at the Watson farm, near the Farmington Country Club, and moved away promptly at 10:45, with the field only too anxious to move along...and perhaps warm up a bit. The sky was leaden, ground frozen, and hunting conditions altogether far from comfortable.

After hacking up the Watson road, hounds were cast through Dr. Watt's land, and soon had a gray fox up and going. The field enjoyed a short burst around Farmington and back to the Watson farm, where our fox holed.

Hounds were thrown in again, as the field shivered pessimistically on the hillside. One by one the field of twenty dwindled...

Hounds were hacked next to the Rainer woods, where after several moments, lo...a red fox was up

and away! "Stayed this long, couldn't possibly get any colder, might as well go on now..." was the general remark of the small field, and away we went.

Without slacking pace one whit, hounds drove their fox from the Rainer woods on out through some of our better galloping country. Through "Red Acres", then to the left through Ballard's, and on through the Higginson and Martin farms. The field were galloping hard to stay with the flying pack, and enjoying navigating countless fences... both natural and "made". At Martin's, Reynard turned back from the mountains towards the Farmington section again. Crossing Ivy Creek, he circled D. S. mountain to come out at Dr. Watt's and run up the sand clay road for a mile, before heading back through the Huffard farm to the Rainer woods. Hounds pushed him on through the Rainer woods, the Brown place and Gordon's, to recross Ivy creek...and go to earth (it was now 3:15 o'clock) at the Watson farm. The field of six that remained can well gloat over that run through such open country, for we enjoyed watching some of the seasons' nicest hound work at good close range.

Hounds did not go out Thursday, January 16, due to rain.

Saturday January 18

The drag pack met at the Farmington Country Club. Hacking to the Watson farm, the first line led through Watson's and the Gordon farm. From Gordon's the second line carried the field left, through Brown's, Huffard's, Edgar Ballard's, Higginson's and Noah Ballard's. The third line swung back through "Red Acres" and "Fox Fields", to end at the Kennels.—Judy Molter

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NO DRENCHING

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HUNTING WITH THE FAIRFIELD AND WESTCHESTER HOUNDS

HUNTSMAN GOVER AND HOUNDS

Fairfield and Westchester Hounds are an American pack, going two days a week on foxes and two days on drags. Hunting is carried on in the Connecticut country, September through March.

----Carl Klein Photo

HON.-SECY., ACTING-MASTER

MRS. BRAINARD, JR. AND MISS WATSON



Richard I. Robinson, M.F.H. was absent the day photographer Klein visited Fairfield and Westchester. Albert Tilt, Jr., Hon.-Secy. was acting master.

----Carl Klein Photo



Mrs. William W. Brainard, Jr. is one of the keenest followers of the Fairfield and Westchester pack. She is pictured above with Miss Nancy Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Watson.

----Carl Klein Photo

MR. GRAY AND MR. GOVERN

Mr. Gray, M.F.H. of Rombout Hounds, in the Poughkeepsie, N. Y. area was a recent visitor in the Fairfield-Westchester country. Also pictured above are Morton Govern and Miss Lalande McCreery.

----Carl Klein Photo



WILLIAM LANGLEY OF ORANGE COUNTY AND *GOGGLE GOOSE



Mr. Langley is one of the most enthusiastic members of Orange County and Piedmont Hunts. He is pictured above on his favorite grey *GOGGLE GOOSE, a spanking heavyweight type in Ireland. The gelded son of PRINCE PHILIP--MOVIE was broken in Ireland at the same time that *KELLSBORO JACK was first put in work.

----Darling Photo

OUT WITH MIDDLEBURG HOUNDS ON OCCASIONS



Dr. Thomas E. Neil, prominent surgeon of Washington and Mountsville, Va. and William H. Lipscomb of Leesburg, Va. well known thoroughbred breeder, follow Middleburg Hounds on occasions. Mr. Lipscomb has met with rare success as a breeder, getting the top price for a youngster at Saratoga in 1939 of \$22,000.

----Darling Photo

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A Hunter Does Some Reminiscing In A Letter To A Little Girl

**It Was A Great Hunt, The Best
The Master Ever Had, And The
Horse Will Never Forget It**

(Editor's Note: The following letter was written by an enthusiastic foxhunting father, to his 10-year-old daughter, an ardent horsewoman. The author tells of a great hunt with Middleburg Hounds in the words of the horse ridden by himself, and believes that Daniel C. Sands, M. F. H., will remember this great day with hounds.

Middleburg, Virginia,
Feb'y., 11, 1915.

Dear Becky,

I am **Peter Pan**, the horse your Daddy likes best to ride down here in Virginia. There are four others that he rides besides me, **Fearnaught**, a pretty, thoroughbred mare, **Top Rail**, a big, heavyweight hunter, **Billy**, a prancy chestnut who thinks he can jump as well as I can, and **Crazy Jane**, a tall, long-legged mare who won't be ridden up to the big bell you pull to let the stable boys know you have come home. We live in a tumble downish wooden stable with cracks between the boards big enough for us to look out of and see what's going on and big enough to let a lot of cold air come in on snappy nights.

I reckon **Evangeline** and **Edelweiss** and **Belle** would curl up in their toes and ask for the doctor if they were put in a stable like that; but we don't care, because we are used to it, and after we have galloped miles and miles and miles on a big fox hunt we can stop right still without any blankets and not mind it or catch cold.

Your Daddy doesn't like me best of all because I am pretty, for I am shortish and a bit pot-bellied and my skin isn't slick and satiny like **Evangeline's**, and I have great, big, strong hocks and stout legs, instead of her pretty, slender ones and big bunches of muscles in my shoulders and quarters, so that if I had to get over fences on my looks I would have to stay on the take-off side.

But if I do say it myself, I know how to hunt this country and I can gallop as long as any of the big thoroughbreds without giving out and can scramble up and down hills and pick my way among the stones and dodge trees when the hounds are running, better than any of them. When I am ridden at a fence I don't just throw up my head and jump without thinking like most of those big, handsome sillies; I take a good look at the ground on the other side, and if there is a ditch there I go fast and jump big and far and land on the other side of the fence and ditch and all.

And if it is just a nice fence I don't show off by jumping about a foot higher than I need to go to clear it, but just high enough to squeeze over, and then about four o'clock in the afternoon when everybody is tired in a long run, those grandstand jumpers are so worn out they begin to refuse, or tumble over, and their riders pull out and go home, while my man keeps right on to the finish.

Well, Becky, I am thirteen years old, just about as old as **Belle**, but if she had had as many hard knocks and fool riders and as much fierce hunting over these wide fields and big hills as I have, she would think she was thirty. I don't know how many people have hunted me, and now, whenever a new one comes, I say to myself, "Well, well, what have we with us now? Will he fall off the first time I have to walk up to a four-foot fence, jumping out of a narrow lane, and pop over strong and sudden? Is he really afraid of the fences and just riding at them because he is more afraid not to? Well, anyhow, I just know he is going to jerk my mouth going over, and I bet when I get a little het up and keen in a good run he lays back on my poor mouth as if he were hanging from a trapeze, in which case, if he wants pulling, believe me, he will get his. I don't mind 'em landing from a jump with their arms around my neck, and my old mouth has got so tough I can even stand 'em snapping back in the saddle as we go over and jerking my jaws a bit, though it is somewhat disgusting; but when a guy gets dippy just as soon as I begin to have a real good time and want to keep up front, and takes hold of my mouth as if he was clamped to it, without ever easing up a second or letting me into the game with a free head, then and right then I begin to show him I have a neck and a mouth and that they belong to me. Then he goes home and tells everybody **Peter** pulled him apart and he's dead.

Well, your Daddy came along—a brand new one, and he told the man that owns me he hadn't hunted much; and he got on me awfully awkward, lifting his right leg over as if it were a sack of coal, and he sat farther forward in the saddle than the people who have been riding me. I always watch everything a new one does, just to make up my mind quick what I am up against. So I started in to have a little fun with him and began to bore down into the mud and try him out with a few nice, quick bucks and wouldn't wait my turn at the first fence, but reared up in the air with him. He laughed and said, "**Peter**, what in blazes are you trying to do to my old game leg?" And when I bored too bad and too often he gave me one almighty yank that found a spot on the right corner of even my old copper-plated mouth; and when I was rearing to get at the fence he said, "Well, **Pete**, I'm as anxious to get at it as you, but we mustn't jump on that fellow in front." And pretty soon I got tired of plaguing him and we had a right fair sort of a ride.

Whenever he went hunting, he wanted to ride me if I hadn't been out too often, and he only made me mad once or twice.

Once everybody was going home after the hunt and your Daddy hadn't taken his snack yet. You know we go out in the morning and don't come back for lunch, and every rider has a little sandwich box strapped on the saddle behind and a long flask in a leather case strapped on in front. Well, we had a pretty good run and were going home and I wanted to go with the

other horses and your Daddy wanted me to walk, while he ate some crackers out of his sandwich box and had a drink of tea out of the flask. So I kept jiggling and breaking into a trot and he kept telling me to walk and behave myself and all the rest got a mile ahead. Finally, he finished his bite of lunch and I thought, of course, then he was going to let me gallop on and catch up. And what do you think the man did but get a pipe from his sandwich box and his tobacco pouch from somewhere else and a box of matches from another pocket, and try to make me stand stock still while he filled his bally old pipe and lighted it? I just wouldn't, and after he had tried about a dozen times he said, "Alright, **Peter**, we'll try this way," and he turned me half round and walked me right up to the fence on the side of the road, with my head sticking into the brambles and branches and the top stones of the wall. Then he got out his smoking things again and put the tobacco in his pipe and the pipe in his mouth and lit a match (and I was feeling more fidgety every second) and when I heard the match go off I reared up and jumped clean over the wall right through the briars and bushes, before you could say "Jack Robinson", and his tobacco pouch and pipe and matches went flying in every direction. He called me some pretty bad names and then began to laugh and got off and picked up his things and got on me and rode me up to a big wire fence and lit his old pipe, and said, "**Peter**, I didn't think you could do that." Then he found a place where he could jump me back into the lane again.

The other time I got mad was on the biggest hunt I was ever in. I began to hunt when I was three years old and have been going all the time and I never had anything like that before. I've been a little lame ever since, and am getting better, but I'll never be able to go through such a run as that again. Thirty-four horses started and there were some good ones, and your Daddy never got off me for nine hours and a half, not counting coming home, except when I went to earth, and at the finish there was only one

Continued on Page Eighteen

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CHALPHONE

Continued from Page One

hindrance, for Chalphone displayed a certain amount of aptitude in the mud and this time it was a determined effort that gave him the victory over L. B. Mayer's Argonne Woods, who had hung on gamely to give way by no more than a neck.

With almost equal precision, Paul B. Codd's Virginia-bred Gino Rex made it two straight at Hialeah last Monday when he led from start to finish of the mile and 1-8 course to head in Parkwood Stable's Trimly and four others in the sixth race on the day's card. Prior to this performance, the 5-year-old son of *Gino—Sun Tess had scored over the same distance on January 20, beating the former stake winners Dream Boat, High Fidelity and others. As a yearling, Gino Rex brought \$4,500, which N. I. Asiel paid to get him from the Court Manor consignment in the 1937 Saratoga Sales. He won his first race for Asiel as a 3-year-old at Jamaica. Following one more victory under Asiel silks that year at Empire City, he was claimed by Codd, for whom he won the Montauk Claiming Stakes at Belmont that autumn and under whose training he has been fairly consistently in the money ever since.

Another Identify 2-year-old romped home in easy style at Hialeah last Friday when F. M. Alger, Jr.'s home-bred filly Fate ran the three furlong nursery course smartly in .34 3-5 to head in Mrs. A. N. Smallwood's True Heart and Hal Price Headley's On Parade, both of whom had beaten her in earlier performances, and five other juveniles. The race, an allowance affair, was Fate's third outing and one in which she displayed speed and a ready gameness throughout.

The following list contains all winners by Eastern state sires which have scored during the past seven days, from Wednesday, January 22, through Tuesday, January 28.

BRANDON MINT (Va.)	
Curious Colt, 3, ch. c. (Curiosity Box, by Mackenzie II), HIP, Jan. 27, 6 f., allow., 1:11 2-5	\$1,000
*CHALLENGER II (Va.)	
Chalphone, 7, b. h. (Phenomenon, by Scotch Broom), SA, Jan. 23, 7 f., cl., 1:24 4-5	\$1,000
Chalphone, 7, b. h. (Phenomenon, by Scotch Broom) SA, Jan. 25, 1 1-16 mi., cl., 1:47 1-5	\$1,000
*GINO (Va.)	
Ginoca, 5, dk. b. h. (Caprice II, by Golden Sun), SA, Jan. 24, 1 mi., cl., 1:40 3-5	\$1,000
Gino Rex, 5, gr. h., (Sun Tess, by *Sun Briar), HIP, Jan. 27, 1 1/2 mi., allow., 1:50 3-5	\$1,000
IDENTIFY (Md.)	
Fate, 2, br. f. (Sabula, by Macaw), HIP, Jan. 24, 3 f., allow., 24 2-5	\$850
*KSAR (Va.)	
Grand Lama, 4, b. g. (Hilena, by High Cloud), HIP, Jan. 24, 1 1/4 mi., cl., 2:06 1-5	\$850
LADKIN (Md.)	
Annikin, 5, b. m. (Annie Rooney, by *Wrack), HIP, Jan. 27, 1 1/2 mi., cl., d. h., 2:33 1-5	\$525
MESSSENGER (Va.)	
Copperman, 3, ch. g. (Golden Sceptre, by The Satrap), SA, Jan. 23, 1 mi., allow., 1:38 4-5	\$1,000
NEDDIE (N. J.)	
Sister Reigh, 5, blk. f. (Dark Convent, by *Traumer), Ha., Jan. 25, 6 f., cl., 1:13 2-5	\$275
PEANUTS (N. Y.)	
Pennut Lady, 4, dk. b. f. (Shining Eyes, by High Strung), HIP, Jan. 27, 1 1/2 mi., d. h., 2:33 1-5	\$525
PLAYTIME (Conn.)	
Young Playtime, 6, b. g. (Decibel, by Master Charlie), Ha., Jan. 25, 5 1/2 f., cl., 1:07 2-5	\$200
MOKATAM (Va.)	
La Joya, 6, b. m. (*Musidora, by Gainsborough) HIP, Jan. 23, 7 f., cl., 1:25	\$850
*STROLLING PLAYER (Va.)	
Landlubber, 6, ch. g. (Rough Sea, by Sea Sick), HIP, Jan. 25, 1 3/4 mi., cl., 3:04 3-5	\$850

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FORT MYER SHOW

Continued from Page One

a halfbred mare, Piebaldie. David is endowed with the rare spring of his sire, a full brother to the great Grey Knight of other days. Miss Jacqueline Warren now owns David and he was considered the best in the green hunters in a class of 33, to win the first event on the opening night. In winning, he was placed over Mrs. Whitney's Cherry Bounce, who like his rider, Norman Haymaker, manager of Llangollen Stables, experienced his first outing under lights. This combination went extraordinarily well in the hack class to take the blue, when 45 entries filled the ring to capacity and U. S. Randle's Twink son, Gee Ray Bee was 2nd and a nicely turned 5-year-old, amusingly enough, considering his parentage (Prince of Wales—My Refinement) named Abdication, took 3rd for Mr. and Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenhalgh's Billy Do should feel fairly well at home in the Fort Myer arena, considering much of his early training took place on that very tan-bark when Maj. Tony Luebberrmann was his owner. He turned in a fine round in the open hunters to be the best of 33 entries and win from Randle's Shadow and the veteran U. S. Government jumper, Eyes Delight, to conclude the first night.

Lt. Hughes' Black Caddy stallion who has been about the busiest open performer in the past four years of any horse on the Virginia-Maryland D. C. Circuit, had time off somewhere along the line to beget Kristi, 4-year-old daughter of Sweet Adeline, owned by Mrs. Lee Counselman. This brown mare, a useful lightweight sort, standing about 15-2, won the Potomac Hunt Club Trophy from a class of 32 working hunters. In this event, riders had to crack their hunting thongs at a large wooden bound standing in the ring. There were many woeful efforts and as many fractious horses. Kristi did this job well and was placed above Abdication, winner of the same event in 1940, while Mrs. Whitney's First Night one she has personally hunted on at least 12 occasions this year with Orange County, Piedmont and Middleburg, took 4th.

First Night was sensational in the "Take-Your-Choice" Jumping. In this event there were 9 jumps in four lanes, Oxers,—Toronto Banks, etc. Contestants could take any 7 jumps at their option. Miss Cotter got a tremendous ovation when she returned her faithful Rocksie, 10-year-old thoroughbred son of Hall Rock-Rosie O'Grady, the winner. She just eked this verdict though as First Night, recent from hunting fields, where ticks are scarcely considered and there are no such things as Barber Polls and Multi-Hued Hod Backs, placed 2nd in this fault and out competition ahead of many well known open horses.

Real leg-knocking, ankle-twist-joint-rending went on in the jumper scurry. Time and clean jumping alone counted. Capt. Donald O. Vars, scheduled soon to be shifted to another post, rushed around the course in 33 seconds to place High Time ahead of Samuel Bogley on his Ring Master, with a time accredited of 33-1/2 seconds. High Time is owned by the U. S. Government and recently came to Fort Myer from Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont, where he is said to have been a consistent winner in shows there and in Canada. Lt. Hughes and his ever consistent Black Caddy was 3rd, a matter of 1-5 of a second behind, and Miss Lisbeth J. Stieg was right there with

her Hi -Ho.

Eight entries came out for the hunt teams and they were well judged by Harry H. Semmes, M. F. H., Maj. Robert M. Stewart-Richardson and Col. James T. Duke. Three thoroughbreds of Mrs. Whitney's were put up, with the Greenhalghs taking 2nd, including Billy Do, one with a great deal of class for a halfbred.

January 23
Green Hunters—1. David, Jacqueline Warren; 2. Cherry Bounce, Mrs. M. E. Whitney; 3. Slap Happy, Martin Vogel, Jr.; 4. My Lass, Commander and Mrs. Sherman. 33 entries.
Fault and Out—1. Black Beauty, U. S. Government; 2. Enterprise, Capt. and Mrs. David Wagstaff; 3. Rocksie, Margaret Cotter; 4. Black Caddy, Lt. Fred J. Hughes, Jr. 39 entries.
Road Hacks—1. Cherry Bounce, Mrs. M. E. Whitney; 2. Gee Ray Bee, U. S. Randle; 3. Abdication, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh; 4. Gabby's Scamp, Maj. Gen. Guy Henry. 45 entries.
Open Jumper—1. The Deacon, Mrs. St. George Duke; 2. Inclusive, U. S. Government; 3. Smacko, Capt. C. McClelland; 4. Rocksie, Margaret Cotter. 33 entries.
Open Hunters—1. Billy Do, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh; 2. Randle's Shadow, U. S. Randle; 3. Eyes Delight, U. S. Government; 4. Meddler, Jean Lamborn. 40 entries.
Ladies vs. Gentlemen Team Jumping—1. Men's Team: Clipped Wings, Maj. George Elms. Enterprise, Capt. David Wagstaff; Black

Caddy, Lt. F. J. Hughes, Jr.; Ring Master, Samuel E. Bogley. 2. Ladies' Team: Here's How, Mrs. L. J. McNair; Maul Girl, Mrs. C. B. Lyman; Hi-Ho, Lisbeth J. Stieg; King Rock, Ellie Leh.

January 24
Take Your Choice Jumping—1. Rocksie, Margaret Cotter; 2. First Night, Mrs. M. E. Whitney; 3. High Time, U. S. Government; 4. Kilarney Grey, Robert A. Young. 33 entries.
Working Hunters—1. Kristi, Mrs. Lee Counselman; 2. Abdication, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh; 3. Post Meridian, Buddy Land; 4. First Night, Mrs. M. E. Whitney. 32 entries.
Jumper Curry—1. High Time, U. S. Government, 0:33; 2. Ring Master, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bogley, 0:33 2-5; 3. Black Caddy, Lt. Fred J. Hughes, Jr., 0:33 3-5; 4. Hi-Ho, Lisbeth Stieg. 27 entries.
Hunt Teams—1. Mrs. M. E. Whitney's Faithful Heart, Norman Haymaker; First Night, Lisbeth Stieg; Strong Tea, Roland Ridgeway. 2. Mr. and Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh's Highland Ace, Ellie Wood Keith; Merry Prince, Shirley Payne; Billy Do, Sue Bolling. 3. Lt. Col. C. B. Lyman's Here's How, Lt. Col. Lyman; Maul Girl, Mrs. Lyman; Maj. T. Q. Donaldson's Adobe, Maj. Donaldson. 4. U. S. Randle's Randle's Shadow, W. Bradford; Jacqueline Warren's David, Lisbeth Stieg; Randle's Cateer, U. S. Randle. 8 entries.
Ladies vs. Gentlemen Team Jumping—1. Ladies' Team, Rocksie, Margaret Cotter; Maul Girl, Mrs. C. B. Lyman; Hi-Ho, Lisbeth J. Stieg; King Rock, Ellie Leh. 2. Clipped Wings, Maj. George Elms; Enterprise, Capt. David Wagstaff; Black Caddy, Lt. Fred J. Hughes, Jr.; Ring Master, Samuel E. Bogley.
Final Ladies vs. Gentlemen Team Jumping score: Men's Team: 27 1/2; Ladies' Team: 38 1/2.
Judges: Harry H. Semmes, M. F. H., Maj. Robert M. Stewart-Richardson and Lt. Col. James T. Duke. Announcer: Arthur M. Godfrey.

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Preparatory Show Planned In Camden Before Virginians

J. North Fletcher has announced a Schooling Show to precede the annual Virginians' Horse Show of March 2 and to take place also at his stables in Camden, S. C., on Saturday, February 15.

This show, for which there will be no entry fee, no prizes and no admission, will be judged under the A. H. S. A. Rules, but every opportunity will be given exhibitors to school their horses as much as they desire. The object of the show is to afford exhibitors an opportunity to prepare their horses for show competition with a minimum of expense. Listed on the afternoon's schedule are classes for hunters under saddle, open to all, lightweight hunters, middle and heavyweight hunters, touch and out, thoroughbred hunters, half-bred hunters and 3 and 4-year-olds under saddle. Colonel Sloane Doak, of Ruxton, Maryland, has been asked to judge.

MARYLAND CUP

Continued from Page One

run annually over four miles of the Worthington Valley estate of J. W. Y. Martin under sanction of the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunts Association, will close at midnight of Thursday, April 17. Weights, just as in previous years, will be: 4-year-olds, 150; 5-year-olds, 160; 6-year-olds and upward, 165; 4-year-olds which have never won a race over timber allowed 5 pounds; 5-year-olds and upward which have never won a race over timber, 10 pounds; no sex or half-bred allowance; no allowance for riders and no other allowance. Owners acceptable to the committee. Amateur riders holding certificates from the N. S. and H. A. or those eligible for the same.

The late Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, in whose memory the new Maryland Cup will be inscribed, won the Maryland on his own horse *Landslide* in 1904. Many years later, in 1921, Mazarin won it carrying the colors of Mrs. Stewart with Mr. G. W. Thompson up.

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With Huntsman Maddux laid up with the "Flu" this past week and Hon. Whipper-In Newell J. Ward away for the day, Whipper-in Nichols had the task of hunting hounds all by himself facing him as a few hardy followers and M. F. H. Mr. Sands met last Tuesday's fixture in the snow at Glenwood Race Course. The meet was at 1:30 p. m. and no more than eight or nine were in the field. The snow was deep in the fields and kept balling up under the horses' hoofs. Ball Hill was first drawn and shortly afterwards, back of Ball Hill a fox was started. Said Whipper-in Nichols,

"We went from Ball Hill to Black Swamp and on to Jim Skinner's farm, through Miss Charlotte's farm and right straight to Institute Mountain. He made a couple of short loops around the mountain like he was looking for a place to go in. I said to Sonny Furr, 'He's goin' in here and I'm glad of it', but the snow had covered up all the holes and away he went again, across to Steptoe Mountain and on from Steptoe to Loudoun Peach Orchard in a straight line, a good four miles. Mr. Sands and the others pulled out at Institute Mountain, but Sonny and I went on. Turning left at the Peach Orchard and crossing Beaver Dam, then on to North Fork and swinging sharp right, hounds headed towards Lincoln. Here Sonny and I pulled up and we could hear hounds running directly to our right. We left thirty-two hounds out and this morning (Wednesday) at five I got up and picked seven up at Lincoln and an old farmer over there told us they'd been runnin' all night long. He had been layin' there with the window open and heard them runnin' through his farm two or three times. We picked them up all day long, all over, some down at Oatlands, some at the lime quarry, some at Mountville, all on their way home. We got all but two back. Believe me, they were some tired horses when Sonny and I got home after that run."

TRAIN IN CAMDEN

Continued from Page One

STEEPLECHASERS IN CAMDEN

DOLLY BYERS, Trainer—(14)
Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, Owner—(9)
*Bachelor Philip, Invader, Flying Lancer, Encore, *The Beck, (8 others).
(Number beside Trainer's name is number of horses in training).
BURLEY COX, Trainer—(8)
Mrs. Fay Ingalls, Owner—(6)
Sunador, Johnny Tight, Good Game, Black Mat, Collapsed, and Taljean, Black Lancer, Greek Idol.
Mrs. Burley Cox, Owner (1)
Get Out.
GRANGER GAITHER, Trainer—(23)
F. Ambrose Clark, Owner—(23)
*Galway Blazer, London Town, Swiftn, *La Touche, *Castle Town, Bladen, Nebucanezar, *Fay Cottage, *Lancastrian, *Kilkenny Cat, Court Justice, Night Heron, *Royal Arch, Boston Blue, Tara's Harp, and 8 others.
BILLY HAYHURST, Trainer—(7)
Mrs. Reginald Sinclair, Owner—(7)
Old Dom, Yonasee, *Hillcastle, Black Lipan, Catstar, Spanish Flame and 2 others.
JAMES E. RYAN, Trainer—(33)
Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir, Owner—(12)
*Hyacinthus, *Troon, *Burma Road, *Yuletide, *Golden Oak, *Himmel, *Picture Prince, *Nayr, *Cottage Gold, *Deanslaw, Larchfield, *The Dook II, in Unionville, Pa., to come down later).
JAMES E. RYAN, Trainer—(28)
James Cox Brady, Owner—(2)
Bold Stroke, War Magic.
Richard K. Mellon, Owner—(5)
*Longchamp II, Never Surprised, Dispenser, *St. Patrick Day, *Simlar.
*Rokeby Stable, Owner—(7)
Frozen North, Memory Lane, *Flying Friar, *Frozen North, *Fatal Interview, *Rustic Romance, *Different II in Unionville, Pa., to come down later).
Mrs. Lewis A. Park, Owner—(1)
*Crooked Wood.
Mrs. James E. Ryan, Owner—(4)
*Morluc, *Claddagh, Stampede, *Hills of Eireann.
Mrs. James C. Clark, Owner—(1)
*Little Cottage II.
Thomas Leiter, Owner—(1)
B. g. 5, by Rockminister, (formerly owned by E. Kenneth Jenkins).
STEEPLECHASERS IN AIKEN, S. C.
J. B. BALDING, Trainer—(10)
John Hay Whitney, Owner—(10)
North Sea, Trade, Massa, Button Button, The McClain, Cupid, Doh, Torch Song, *Trainee, Scotch Tar.
Louis Stoddard, Jr., Trainer—Owner—(8)
Strawboss, Mesa Rica, Felt Slipper, Scout Whistle, Star Bramble, *Milano, Deserter, King's Feast, two yearlings by Sun Meadow to come later from Virginia.
S. A. Warner Baltazzi, Trainer—Owner—(6)
Ad Lib, Cody, jumpers: White Mask, Grandever, 2-year-olds by Good Goods and Galant Sir, flat horse.
George H. Bostwick, Owner—Trainer—(13)
*Cottesmore, Pompeius, Sussex Bisbee, Mateson, Halcyon Day, West Haddon, Budos, King John, Double Pass, Arms of War, Fiat Lux, Nellie Bly.
OLEG DUBASSOFF, Trainer—(15)
W. S. Farish, Owner—(4)
Gay Wing, Gay Monarch, 2-year-old; Near-sight, Baymella.
Log Cabin Stud, Owner—(1)
Chuckatuck.

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Ossabaw.
E. B. Schley, Owner—(4)
*Dolly's Love, *Chaloner, *Frederic, *Paris.
Emile Pfister, Owner—(2)
*Bois Chabot, *Trissino.
Robert H. Lehman, Owner—(2)
*Gulliver II, *Didoric.
Harry W. Smith, Owner—(1)
Stover.
Thomas H. Hitchcock, Sr., Owner—Trainer—(28)
*Gino, Neddie, Kiev, Good Advice, Chance Play, yearlings: Kenebeck, Kenecott, Kenebunk, Carrabou, Kineo, Katahtin, 2-year-olds: Fairfax, Bridlespur, Redlands, Elbridge, Lagoon, Dedham, Lechade, Bath, three-year-olds: Fairford, Onechee, Satilla, Woodhaven, Naruna, Eran de Perse, *Annibal, Notley.
RAYMOND WOOLFE, Trainer—(9)
L. W. Robinson, Jr., Owner—(1)
Parma.
R. V. N. Gambrill, Owner—(2)
Telemark, Tioga.
Unknown, Owner—(1)
Skyflyer.
Holmdel Stables, Owner—(1)
*Cartermoor.
Alvin A. Untermyer, Owner—(2)
Illuminator, Pharaohang.
Mrs. Raymond Woolfe, Owner—(1)
*Kellsboro.
Wilbur B. Ruthrauff, Owner—(2)
Clovisse, Okole Hao (latter in Camden, S. C.).

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A Hunter Does Some Reminiscing

Continued from Page Fifteen

other horse left, and he was a fresh one the master had picked up after his first horse gave out.

The hounds found two foxes in the morning and we had fairish short runs and then about one o'clock they found the old tough granddaddy of all the travelling foxes that ever ran in that part of Virginia. I was feeling fine and we were keeping right bang up to the master's scarlet coat tails and before an hour was over it was already some fierce run. The ground was awfully icy in some places and soft and slippery and heavy in others. Before long about a dozen riders, all that was left of the field, because the pace had been pretty hot, came galloping down a narrow lane to a place where we wanted to jump out of it into the field. The master got over safely at a place where the fence leaned over toward us, and just as I turned and started to go over, somebody yelled, "That's a regular man trap. Don't try it!" But I had started then, and it was too late. I think I slipped just a little as I took off, or maybe the fence leaning toward me fooled me; at any rate, when your Daddy kicked his heels into my ribs and I rose to it, the leaning-over rails caught my fore-legs and I knew it was all over. I hit on my knees and neck on the other side, turned a peach of a somersault, and your Daddy went sailing off to one side; he was up and got the reins just as I scrambled to my feet.

Well, don't you know that I hated to crumple up that way with the whole field bunched in the lane right behind me and watching the thing, and then to see them come popping over the fence where I had torn it down and get a whole field ahead of us.

I wasn't just peevish and impatient; I was mad, clear through. I guess that's where I strained the tendon of my off foreleg that laid me up for the next two months; but I didn't know a thing about it then and I couldn't wait for your Daddy to get on me again. I felt as if I could jump over a church, and I wanted to, right where those long-legged thoroughbreds could see.

While your Dad was pulling one of his finger joints back into place, I took things into my own hands a bit and went over that next hill just like a rabbit jumping up in front of a dog, and caught the rest just before the next jump, which had to be taken after scrambling down a hill. There was just one place to make the jump and that was very narrow, so only one could go over at a time. I was mad clean through, and came down that hill a little too fast for all your Daddy could do to hold me back, and in a twinkling of an eye it looked as if we must jump over that narrow panel right on top of a man who was only going half as fast as we were. There was only one other thing to do; your Daddy gave a tremendous heave on the near rein which took my head away from the panel and aimed it right at the only other chance, and Jumping Jehosaphat, Becky, what a looking something it was! If my dander hadn't been standing straight up I would have slid into it and taken the chance of breaking my neck or shoulder. But as I told you, I just wanted to jump over the moon. I was so mad at falling before these other horses, and when your Dad put his feet back and yelled, "Come, Pete! !!" I gathered myself together and jumped for my life. Some of these days I am going to get away and go across country all by myself and take a look at that fence. In the three seconds I had to size it up I saw a stiff stone wall and then three rails on top of that, and as I went over I heard something jingling against my heels that told me there was wire on top of the rails.

Well, I felt a little better satisfied after coming over that alive and we settled down to the longest run of my life. One by one, as somebody's horse gave out, the field got thinner and thinner; till there was only left the master, the huntsman and little old Peter Pan. Then the master's horse gave out and he went to a house way off to get a fresh mount; just after he joined us, the huntsman's horse, galloping right in front of me over a heavy field, came floundering down and lay there too done to get up.

The master took the huntsman's big, curving, cow horn that they use to call the hounds and went on with the pack; your Daddy stayed to help the huntsman with his horse till a farmer came up and then I went on galloping as fast as we could to try to catch the master and the hounds. They were way off out of sight and hearing and your Daddy didn't know the country, of course, and we got into some fields with wire fences that couldn't be jumped, and by that time we were so tired that I could barely go and your Daddy could hardly sit on me. So he trotted me a few minutes, going up to a house in the fields where there was a man who told us which way the hounds had gone and told us the way to take to keep out of the wire.

Off we galloped again, and every time I jumped a fence I would heave a sigh. Did you know a horse could sigh? They can't, generally, but any horse that did what I did that day can sigh, alright. When we would scramble across a heavy or slippery field and find still another big fence staring at us, your Daddy would say, "Can you, Pete?" almost as if he was crying, and then he would feel my hocks push out under him and I would take a big breath and try again and land safe, and sigh.

Just when we turned up a farm lane and thought we had lost the pack for good, and might as well give it up—there, ever so many wide fields away, we caught sight of a dim blob of scarlet and heard, faintly, the pack giving tongue, and we both felt so much better that when your Daddy turned me at the lane fence we popped briskly over as if we were just starting out, and in no time joined the master; and there were just three couple of tired, sore-footed hounds, all that were left of twenty, still whimpering on our fox's line and they were so done up that we could trot part of the time and canter part of the time and keep up with them. And on we went for a while until the master called out that it was getting very dark to jump fences. Sleet was coming down, too.

A man came running along a road we crossed and said he had seen the fox just a few minutes ahead. But we didn't want to kill such a splendid fox or even ourselves, so the master put up the great curving cow horn to his mouth and sounded "tooooo-oot, toot, toot, toot" very deep and sweet, and the tired hounds looked round as they ran and then went on the line again and after the master had sounded his horn several times the hounds came to him and we started home, jumping two or three fences out to a road

and then walking quietly along through the sleet and dark.

The huntsman joined us, walking and leading his horse just as we got into the road, and the master turned around to your Daddy and said, "Where did you get your second horse?" And your Daddy said he hadn't got any second horse, and the master said, "Do you mean to say that horse has been through all of that run?" And your Daddy said "Yes". And that he hadn't been out of the saddle except for ten seconds when we had a spill, since ten o'clock that morning, and the master said it was the longest and best run he had ever had in his life and that your Daddy's horse must be a wonder, and then I curved my neck and began to jiggle and trot, and your Daddy said, "He wants to go hunting," and everybody laughed.

Well, Becky, this is an awfully long letter about that hunt but it was an awfully long hunt, and I could write one ten times as long without telling you all the excitement of it.

The next day your Daddy came out to see me in the stable before his breakfast, but it was about eleven o'clock and I heard him tell somebody with him that when he woke up at ten he couldn't move any part of him until after he tried a long time he wiggled one little finger and then another finger and another until he had a whole hand and wrist going and worked on from there for a quarter of an hour until he could start dressing. He said he wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for the big hunt and wouldn't do it again for a million. I know he went to sleep on my back after he had turned my head loose in the dark, walking home over the slippery, frozen road and we got back at just half past nine, a little more than twelve hours after I started to the Meet.

Your Daddy said he was going to be with you on the night of your birthday, so I am sending this by him for a birthday letter.

I hope you will come down sometime and ride me before I get too old to hunt any more. I love it better than anything, even oats. When I hear the big horn go "too-oo-oot, toot, toot!" and the swift hounds streaming over the sweep of the wide hills, I begin to be young again right there.

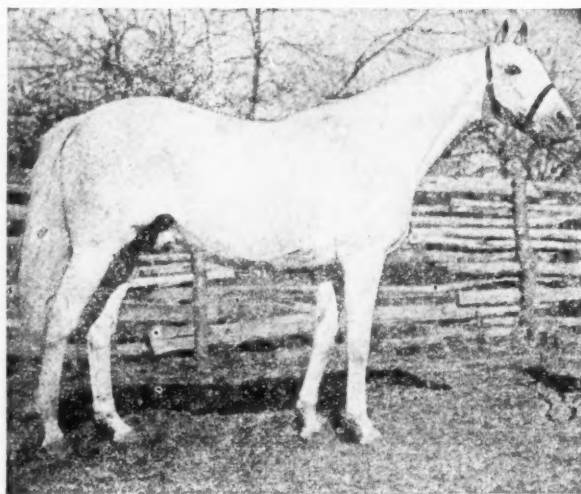
I hope you will have a happy birthday and come to see me some day, and that whenever you do anything, riding or studying, you will love it the way I love my work and go through it the way I went through the big hunt, even if you tumble and get so tired it seems as if you could not go on. And if you are behind and have lost the master and don't know where to find him, keep on.

With love from

PETER PAN.

(Your Daddy helped me. P.)

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In The Country:-



Of Neddie & Catalan

William W. Vaughan is a keen student of the thoroughbred and one of the most enthusiastic breeders in New Jersey. He has his Oak Glen Farm, near Red Bank. There Neddie, son of Colin, bought from the Court Manor dispersal last autumn has settled down to complacent appreciation of his new surroundings and anticipates sharing the Oak Glen court with Catalan, the 19-year-old Fair Play horse, who once worked a quarter for Trainer Louis Feustel in 22-1-5. Neddie dropped off, following his van ride to New Jersey but has recently taken on weight and his colored groom "Shorty" and Arthur Cromwell, Oak Glen manager, also colored, are very high on "their horse."—The name of Arthur C. was recently awarded to a Pompey—Cannon colt, named for Cromwell, who was formerly with the John Bosleys. Cromwell, working for Guy Bedwell, once went to Canada, where their string won 17 races. It is planned to use Neddie on Catalan mares—the former endowing speed, the latter distance.

Less Time On Time

The Virginia-bred Time Maker filly, Less Time, sped a fast six furlongs at Santa Anita January 18 when she covered the distance in 1.10 4-5 to win the fourth race. The R. C. Stable color bearer who thus came within one second of the track record out there, was bred at David N. Rust's Rockridge Farm near Leesburg. She is a half sister to the sire Economic. The fastest six furlongs clocked so far this year at Santa Anita was turned in by another Virginia bred horse, Rough Pass, owned by Marylander Yancey Christmas, who ran it in 1.10 2-5 when he beat Augury on January 9. Incidentally both Rough Pass and Augury were bred within shouting distance of one another, the one at R. S. Clark's Sundridge Farm and the other at the late Admiral Cary Grayson's Blue Ridge Stud, near Upperville. Christmas paid but \$275 for Rough Pass in the 1938 Maryland Fall Sale while Augury cost Neil McCarthy \$1,000 at Saratoga. Both proved better than bargains. Rough Pass having won already nearly \$30,000 and Augury having just passed that mark with her recent triumph in the Sierra Madre Purse.

Bosopi Scores

A name that was familiar to hunt meeting fans several years back was flashed on the winners' board down at Havana January 21, when the 9-year-old Bosopi came home in the 8th and final race on the day's card at Oriental Park. Bosopi, a son of Sun Flag, carried the blue and gold silks of Maryland sportsman J. W. Y. "Bill" Martin at numerous hunt meetings in 1938. He was 3rd to Shot Gun and Monk's Shadow in the Featherfield Plate at Radnor that spring, also 2nd to Barrystar in the High Hold Plate at West Hills, and started at various other meetings during the season, including the fall meet here at Middleburg.

Roy Roberts, Training

Roy Roberts is training for William W. Vaughan, and has 10 juveniles commencing work the first of February, all Jersey breeds. 5 by Catalan. Mr. Roberts' headquarters at this season of the year is at Brookdale Farm. Out at Mr. Vaughan's Oak Glen Farm there are weanling sons and daughters of Catalan, just turned yearlings.

Paper Sun To Philippines

The 6-year-old Paper Sun, Virginia-bred Court Manor product by Sun Beau—Paprice, by Papyrus, has

been shipped to the Philippine Islands, where it is reported he will continue his racing career for a time prior to entering the stud. Formerly owned by Mrs. Lon Copenhaver, for whom he won two races last fall, Paper Sun was sold through the auctioneer, W. S. Calahan to an unrevealed purchaser in Manila.

Newman Met Beau Pere

Neil Newman, well known thoroughbred pedigree student, analyst and author, departed from his New York offices last week for California to meet Beau Pere, who landed in California on Tuesday, January 28. The recent acquisition of Louis B. Mayer, by Son-in-Law—Cinna, by Polymelus, Beau Pere was the winner of the 1,000 Guineas and other races and was the premier sire in New Zealand in 1939 and the leading sire in both Australia and New Zealand in 1940. Bred by Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Beau Pere did not race until three, when in 1930 he won one race and was sold to King George V and won two races as a 4-year-old. He then made two stud seasons in England, to be sold for 100 guineas to a man named John Donald in New Zealand, where he made three seasons and was then sold to an Australian named Smith for 3,300 pounds sterling and taken to Australia. He traces back through Cinna, Baroness La Fleche, La Fleche to the great producer Quiver. In fact he has a double cross of Quiver. Quiver is the ancestress of the successful sires Polymelus, Grafton, Sain, and John O'Gaunt. Quiver is likewise the ancestress of Miodand and of Perifox, son of Gallant Fox, a stakes winner in England at two and three, who also stands in California and belongs to Mr. Mayer. In a note from Mr. Newman, remarking on Australia's contribution to the breed of the thoroughbred, he writes: "The Australian sire Darebin is responsible for the continuance of the Domino line for the reason Emma C, dam of Commando, the only horse to carry on the line of Domino or Eclipse, if you will, was by Darebin. Another New Zealand sire, Sir Modred, was a premier sire in this country and another Antineodean sire, Cheviot, was the sire of Rey El Santa Anita, winner of the American Derby in 1894. This was the first race in which Domino was defeated. Rey El Santa Anita was trained by Henry McDaniel, who served three hitches with the late Willis Sharpe Kilmer and who now trains for Walter P. Chrysler.

Ankle Not Broken

Casanova's attractive and popular M. F. H. "Dot" Montgomery did not get a broken ankle out of her fall on January 23, as some news items implied, but has none the less been suffering from a severe sprain. Nor did her mount fall over a fence, but in his eagerness to get at the jump, whirled suddenly in slippery going, out flew his feet from under him and down they went in a smasher before getting to the fence.

Young Gold Cup Ass'n. Member

R. B. "Bobby" Young, of Orange County Hunt and Marshall, Va., was elected a member of the Virginia Gold Cup Association at a recent meeting held in Warrenton. Other members of the committee are: Amory S. Carhart, M. F. H., E. Astley Cooper, chairman; George W. Cutting, sec. and treas.; Howard C. Fair, E. Kenneth Jenkins, Sterling Larrabee, ex-M. F. H.; Douglas H. Lees, Raymond D. McGrath, W. Henry Pool, Earl S. Potter, George Sloane, Richard Wallach, Jr., J. Chauncey Williams and Robert C. Winmill, vice chairman. The Virginia Gold Cup, 4 mile timber feature, run annually at Warrenton's "Broadview" course, will have its 20th running and 3rd renewal on May 3, along with the accompanying brush, hurdle and flat events regularly carded for this well known spring meeting. Last year's Gold Cup winner was Mrs. Frank M. Gould's Black Sweep, who retired the valuable trophy, topping off Ostend's two victories of 1937 and '38. It was the last hunt meeting triumph for Black Sweep's trainer, the late gentleman rider, Bill Streett, whose

sudden passing shocked the racing world a few months later. Bill rode Ostend in his 1937 triumph, then sent him out under Johnny Harrison to repeat the following year.

*Cardinal's Ring Slighted

Unintentionally omitted from The Chronicle's National Stallion Roster issue last week was *Cardinal's Ring, who should have been included in the list of sires standing in Pennsylvania. Unfortunately word was not received of the horse's location until after the list had gone to press, hence the omission. The successful trainer of chasers, Morris H. Dixon has *Cardinal's Ring, a 16-year-old brown son of Jackdaw—Bernsome, by Farasi, at his farm near Newtown Square. A winner on both sides of the Atlantic, *Cardinal's Ring is noted as one of the few Jackdaw horses in America.

10,000-Year-Olds

Artist James Reynolds writes us from his studio in New York, "Mr. Frank Illingworth in his book 'The Horse' tells a rather remarkable tale of the discovery by Professor Gryazov of the Moscow Academy of Science. Whilst digging at the foot of the Altai Mountains in Siberia in search of frozen mammoths in that waste of eternal frost, the professor broke into a log-built chamber at a depth of fifty feet. The chamber was a stable hewn by the axes of Bronze Age Man. In the beam of the professor's lamp were seen ten immobilized horses. Their bodies were

not shrunken, but perfectly preserved. They were handsome creatures of bone and flesh, and hair and blood, frozen blood. In their stomachs their last meal remained undigested. Their eyes and hair retained their color and gloss. It was as though the ten horses slept standing upright, as horses so often do. From their shape and stance they might well have been modern horses. Commenting on that circumstance, Mr. Illingworth writes, 'Their conformation and type are interesting, in view of the way man has evolved in the last hundred centuries.' The professor speculated the purpose for which the horses were used, probably for hunting, for Bronze Age Man was an inveterate hunter of the mammoth. Ten sorrell horses, all in a row, ten thousand years old, what a thrilling and beautiful painting that would make!"

Gran Nacionale Closing

Nominations for Agua Caliente's highly anticipated Gran Nacionale Steeplechase Handicap will close tomorrow, February 1, so says Racing Secretary Jo Walters. Among the 30 or so already named for this \$10,000 stake, to be run on March 2, are Yammer, winner of the El Primero Handicap on January 5, Farragut, winner of the Battleship Handicap on January 19, and Favor-some, winner of last Sunday's steeplechase. In addition to Yammer, the Rittcor brothers of Middle-

Continued on Page Twenty

Duke's Weather Suggestions:

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In The Country

Continued from Page Nineteen

burg Hunt country are also pinning hopes on **Flashing Steel** (known to Mexicans as the "Galloping Ghost") and **Brown Haze**, whom Billy Hulbert rode in the Saughton Lodge at Middleburg last fall and who has yet to make his appearance on the Baja California Jockey Club course.

110th Show For Britain

From Maryland Horse Editor Humphrey Finney comes word that the 110th Field Artillery Horse Show, formerly scheduled for March 7-8-9, will be held a week later, on March 14-15-16, as the Pikesville Armory where it takes place annually, will not be available till that date. Entire proceeds of this year's exhibition will go to the British War Relief Society. Maj. R. M. Stewart-Richardson of the British Embassy has already been invited to judge the ponies and equitation classes. Among others invited to judge, Morris H. Dixon has declared his acceptance.

Special Agent to W-L

According to a recent report from the West Coast, Harry Warner, of W-L Ranch, has purchased the stallion **Special Agent**, along with two other horses from the A. C. T. Stock Farm whose owner, Maj. Austin C. Taylor, Vancouver, B. C., sportsman, announced last week that his entire thoroughbred holdings are being dispersed. Maj. Taylor, now engaged in Canadian war work, is also retiring his silks temporarily. **Special Agent** has been standing at Marwyck Ranch, near Northridge, Cal., along with **Main Man**, **Perifox**, **Roman Soldier** and others. Also acquired by W-L from the Taylor string were the 3-year-olds, **Sweet Grapes** and **Paperboy**, both in training. It is also reported that Charles S. Howard bought two of the A. C. T. broodmares, **Glacée**, dam of **Whickee**, and **Blood Royal**, dam of **Strabo**. **Whickee**, winner of the San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio and New Year Handicaps, will be shipped to Maj. Taylor's ranch in Vancouver.

Mr. Clark's Bladen

The big string of 23 'chasers of F. Ambrose Clark's, now in winter training in Camden, where ideal weather has prevailed this season, includes **Bladen**, son of ***Sir Gallahad III**, recent acquisition from William Woodward. **Bladen** was brought back to this country from England where he ran 5 times unplaced in big stakes.

Ward C. Belcher

Ward C. Belcher, well known in the world of sport, especially in Camden, S. C., where he has been generous in his enthusiastic promotion of this winter resort as a sporting training mecca of steeplechasing, flat and show horses, died suddenly in New York last Friday. Funeral services were held in Dr. Sockman's Christ Church, Park Ave., N. Y., on Monday, at the same time special services were held at the Bethesda Presbyterian Church in Camden, where Dr. Douglas McArn presided. Many members of the Camden winter colony attended, including followers of Camden Hounds.

HOUSEMAN

Ch. g., 1936

by Brooms—Don't Ask me, by Ladkin

Winner of 3 races in 5 starts over timber in fall of 1940. (Loyalhanna, The Mt. Defiance and Long Island Hunt Cup). Second largest money-winning timber horse in America in 1940, winning \$1,460 exclusive of cups.

A VERY QUIET HUNTER

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owners and trainers of steeplechasers and show horses there.

Mrs. Ingalls' *Ginos

Mrs. Fay Ingalls, M. F. H. of Bath County Hounds, has a string of 'chasers in training in the hands of Burley Coxe, Honorary Huntsman of Bath County. Two home-bred ***Gino** fillies have been named after Mr. and Mrs. Coxe, she the former Barbara Lucas of Radnor Hunt. The names of **Surigburley** and **Beaubabs** have been accepted by the Jockey Club.

*Merrimouth's Mishap

Eleanor Keith, popular member of the Middleburg Hunt and regular follower of Middleburg and Piedmont Hounds, took a severe smasher last Thursday, when Middleburg was hunting the Institute Mountain area. Miss Keith's mount ***Merrimouth** (a winner at Olympia, England) made a bad mistake over a fallen tree up on an old unused roadway on Institute, in the country where the National Beagle Trials are held. Sonny Furr was the lone follower to witness ***Merrimouth's** fall and was with Miss Keith, rendering assistance, until Barry Hall was able to procure a farm wagon to transport her to the Crouch farm, where Norris Royston met them with an ambulance. Rushed to the Emergency Hospital where Dr. John Lyons operated immediately for a burst upper intestine, Miss Keith, whose home is in Boston, is making a steady recovery.

Mr. Flaccus' "Greco"

Bliss Flaccus' **Greek Idol**, ex-'chaser, hunted 11 times in 6 weeks this season with Pittsburg, Pa. area hunts. A magnificent, big, rangy bay, he has had tendon trouble, but now seems destined to stand training in the hands of Burley Coxe, and is to be headed for a timber effort this spring. The Greeks have a word for winning and if **"Greco"**, as he is fondly known, lives up to his name, perhaps the Carolina Cup will be 'Bliss'. Burley has Red Gibson under contract riding for him these days.

Burley's Get Out.

Burley Coxe's **Get Out**, a wedding present to Mrs. Coxe, is a whopping weight-carrying son of **Sortie**, out of a **Pennant** mare whose every foal has been a winner but this one. Obtained several years back from Warner Baltazzi, **Get Out** has allied, but is now to be headed possibly for "The Raymond Belmont Memorial National Hunter Championship Steeplechase" this spring at Middleburg, with Burley up to ride for Bath County panelling funds.

Pete Bostwick Up Again

The great gentleman rider, George H. "Pete" Bostwick, who set them all afire riding some years back, and whose ***Cottesmore** was the horse of the year of the steeplechasers, is threatening a come back. In Aiken, where he has his 'chasing string in winter training, and where Pete is drag-hunting **Castle Irwell** of Grand National fame, the well known owner-trainer is now fitting himself for riding efforts this spring. The whole of Aiken was thoroughly frightened last Sunday-week when the fire alarm sounded and news spread quickly that it was the Bostwick barn. Prompt action put out the blaze.

Rides Out On Mist

Katheeln McKinney, 4-year-old daughter of Mrs. Jean McKinney, rode forth last Saturday morning on her favorite pony, **Mist**, to see the Aiken drag hounds go. Stepping along with her mother, she scurried through the woods to see them finish. Mrs. Seymour Knox and Dolly von Stade are joint-Masters this year of Aiken Drag Hounds. Two years ago Mr. McKinney was a joint-master with Mrs. Knox. At the recent fire in George H. "Pete" Bostwick's barn, which adjoins Mrs. McKinney's place in Aiken, Mrs. McKinney was the one to catch **Nellie Bly**, winner of the Beldame Handicap at Empire two years ago. The grey mare, like all of Mr. Bostwick's string, was turned loose at the first alarm.

*Crooked Wood

One of the loveliest coats, silky and gleaming, of any 'chaser inspected in Camden, S. C., this week, was that of Mrs. Lewis A. Park's ***Crooked Wood**, outstanding hunt-

meeting brush horse of last year. This gallant veteran, practically never out of the money in 30 races and who has never fallen, has never been clipped.

Mr. Gilpin's High Hat

Some years ago Kenneth Gilpin of Boyce, Va., had a great hunter, **High Hat**. He intended to hunt with Middleburg Hounds, so **High Hat** was sent over the road from Boyce to Middleburg one morning. Word then came that the meet was in Upperville and **High Hat's** groom was reached in Middleburg and told to retrace his steps. Mr. Gilpin then was forced to preclude his hunting sport this day when business called. He got word to the groom that he was not hunting. A big day ensued. Hounds were finally taken in way down by Aldie. **High Hat** came home that night over the road from Aldie. The next day Mr. Gilpin, not appreciating that his good hunter had had such a day, rode him forth with Blue Ridge Hounds. **High Hat** had gone 24 miles to Middleburg, 8 more back to Upperville, 5 hours with hounds (averaging 10 miles an hour, including a big run, this would be 50 miles more), then came over the road 32 miles home. This was 114 miles for the thoroughbred son of **Top Hat** in one day, and he jiggled home that night and jiggled to the meet the next day when he hunted for a full two hours when hounds did very little. Mr. Gilpin reminisced of **High Hat** at dinner Friday night when he and Mrs. Gilpin had his brother, Donald and Mrs. Gilpin with them from Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Have You Heard

One of our subscribers recently sent a clipping of a colt whose dam was found lying dead at his side. The owner did not know what to do as there were no other mares in the vicinity. He had some cows and after some difficulty succeeded in putting the foal on to a cow. The foal seemed quite content and soon started taking a drink from others of the herd which necessitated he and his foster mother being separated. The colt thrived on the cow's milk and as he grew took his drink kneeling down. The writer, Mrs. M. F. Maher of Williamstown, Clonsilla, England, inclosed a picture of the half-bred colt being suckled by the cow and wished to know if any of her readers had heard of a similar case.

Johnny Duffy's Thigh

It happened way last year, but still Johnny Duffy, contract rider for James E. Ryan is ailing up in Unionville, Pa. Jockey Duffy took a smasher and his thigh has been slow in knitting.

Huntsman Maddux Ill

Middleburg's Huntsman Bob Maddux has been laid low by the current wave of "Flu" that is sweeping the country these days. With everything snowed under since Sunday and no huntsman to take them out, Whipper-in Nicols has been roading hounds to keep them fit these mornings. Meeting in the snow at "Glenwood," Nick hunted hounds on Tuesday, getting a corking run to "Step-toe" mountain. M. F. H. Dan Sands departed yesterday morning for New York and the Hound Show where he is judging the American Hounds.

Potomac Hunt Subscriber

The first subscription for The Raymond Belmont National Hunter Championship Steeplechase, to be run at the April meeting of the Middleburg Hunt Race Assn., is to be forwarded from Potomac Hunt. Dr. Fred R. Sanderson, joint-master of the Potomac Hunt, when advised of the intended Panelling Fund Benefit race by The Chronicle at the Fort Myer President's Birthday Show where the Potomac master was riding his entries, said: "We will send a subscription." The Middleburg Committee has issued invitations to all Recognized Hunts to subscribe to this \$1,000 Hunt Panelling Fund Benefit Purse. Subscriptions are \$10 each and entitle the subscribing hunt to the privilege of starting a hunter in the event, to be ridden in pink by members and subscribers of Recognized Hunts.

Hunting Spinach

Thomas Mott, master of Redland Hunt, has a good 'chaser in **Spinach**, trained by Judy Johnston. Miss Johnston, one of the country's few women trainers, gave **Spinach** a few outings with hounds this season, when needing a mount **Spinach** was her choice.

Town Crier

By W. Gartrell



"I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love.
The love that asks no questions; the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best,
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes, undaunted, the final sacrifice."
—Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice.

It would seem a good thing if every citizen, along with the President of the United States, should take a new oath of allegiance every four years, thereby bringing to his consciousness the sacredness of his citizenship and his responsibility for his country's weal. We Americans are so prone to take blessings for granted and gaily accept as a matter of course a way of life that would seem fabulous to dwellers in dictator-ridden lands. Anyone who heard Mr. Roosevelt solemnly intone that oath of obligation must have been impressed with its breadth and potent, and must have realized the stark necessity of union within the Nation and openness of purpose and effort in the preservation of its peace and security. There is here no place for the dissenter and self-seeker, no place for wailing walls or makers of discord. Our future, under God, is safe so long as we acknowledge his leadership and keep peace within our ranks.

"Business as usual and probably more than usual," is the summation of activities at the Fauquier-Loudoun Health Center, an institution that has done inestimable good in this community for nearly three years. In December, Miss Charlotte Noland tendered her resignation as head of the Center and the Board, accepting it with expressed regret, named Mrs. J. T. Skinner to that office. Miss Charlotte was asked to take honorary chairmanship of the Board. Mrs. Skinner was a happy choice, being a charming and dynamic person who gets things done and done well, all the while keeping a somewhat anxious eye on her steeplechasing husband Jack, whose coat of cracked and broken bones would give even Babson a headache. In an effort to coordinate efforts being made in both Loudoun and Fauquier Counties to give medical care to the indigent sick, Dr. D. T. Saffer of the Center staff and Mrs. Lea MacDonald have been delegated to attend a coming meeting of the Fauquier Medical Society, when it is hoped that a successful joint program may be arranged. Mrs. Skinner's "cabinet" will be made up of secretary and treasurer in the persons of Mrs. Wm. McCoy of Fauquier in the first office named and Mrs. Algernon Davy in the last. Matters are running smoothly at the Center under Mrs. Skinner's direction and the needy sick in the sister counties are blessing the day that saw the beginning of this humanitarian project.

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